

THE FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. CXXXVI NEW SERIES
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1934
(VOL. CXLII OLD SERIES)

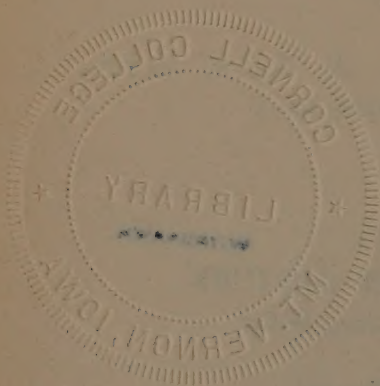
EDITORIAL OFFICE :
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

PUBLISHING AGENTS :
LONDON :
HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LTD.,
TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4

UNITED STATES :
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW OFFICES
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THOMAS DE LA RUE AND CO., LTD.,
110, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.I.



THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY, 1934

THE DECAY OF BRITISH SHIPPING

BY CUTHBERT MAUGHAN

THE grave plight of British shipping is an absolutely vital question which continues to confront the people of these islands. A dense population is dependent for the greater part of its foodstuffs on supplies from overseas, and any serious interruption of the steady flow of shipments would result, within a short time, in starvation. The country had a taste of the meaning of short supplies during the War. Its life was then saved by the courage of its seamen and the possession of a large mercantile marine. Those who knew the stark facts knew also how acute the danger was: had the mercantile marine then failed the country all must have been lost.

The War has dug a great gulf between the past and the present, and no thinking person is likely to imagine that the conditions which prevailed before 1914 can ever return. British ships, particularly "tramps", were then built to carry coal from these islands to consumers throughout the world, including bunkering stations for shipping on trade routes, and to return with cargoes of grain, ore, and other raw materials for manufacture. Since the War other countries have come to compete in the coal trade; as the direct result of reparations coal has been sent across Europe by land, whereas formerly it went by sea. Other nations, with governmental assistance, have built ships and require large portions of their coal imports to be carried in these vessels. Much coal has been replaced by oil, and hydro-electric schemes have been instituted. For the managers of tramp shipping such developments have meant that there are not the same cargoes of coal to be carried, and last year there were 700 fewer voyages of vessels from this country with coal than in the years before the

War. Then voyages of tramp vessels in ballast were exceptional ; now they are very common indeed. That is one of the great changes that have taken place in shipping. In the homeward trades Continental nations have imposed restrictions on the importation of foodstuffs, for their Governments have sought to make the countries more self-supporting. This policy has meant a restriction of the total volume of grain movements.

Greek vessels, with their lower working costs, are able to bring supplies at rates so low that British owners could not accept them without heavy loss. Thus Greek ships are being increasingly employed, while modern British vessels are laid up in the estuaries of the country and their crews have to be supported by the State. Numbers of these ships have been bought at very low prices because, to put it quite bluntly, British owners were forced to sell them. A long period of deep depression—far worse than any of the depressions customary before 1914—had left their serious marks and had caused reserves to become exhausted. Funds had somehow to be found in order that businesses which were only shadows of their former proportions might be carried on : thus bargains in ships could be picked up on all sides.

Italian ships have also been enabled to enter the carrying trade of Britain, while her own craft were rusting around her coasts. Their special ability to accept freights that were out of the question for British owners has been due to subsidies received from the Italian Government. The subsidies, which are calculated according to age and mileage covered, have been estimated at about £1,500 for the voyage from this country to Australia and back. Obviously, ships financially helped in this way can carry cargoes at rates impossible for British vessels. It must seem strange to British people that foreign vessels should be employed in bringing food to them from British Dominions when so many British craft are idle.

There has within recent weeks been some little improvement in the demand for tonnage, yet the lion's share has still been taken by foreign vessels. A few weeks ago as many as 52 vessels were known, during five days, to have been chartered to load grain in Argentina for the United Kingdom or the Continent. More than half this number were Greek, and only fourteen were British. In a later week, which was also an active one caused

by the buying of grain due to the drought and the upward movement of prices, 50 foreign vessels were chartered to load grain in Argentina for the United Kingdom or the Continent, of which only 16 were British. The foreign owners who had been buying British ships very cheaply seem already to have good reason to be pleased with their purchases. The results for British shipping, and for the increasing dependence of this country on foreign vessels, are distinctly disquieting.

The recent sales of second-hand British ships to foreign owners are a development of a long-established practice. In those years before the War when circumstances were so entirely different from the conditions of today, a fairly good case could be made out for the transfers of old British ships to foreign owners. The sales represented discarded vessels which British owners were willing to sell, applying the proceeds to the building of new tonnage. The transactions thus assisted British owners to contract with British shipbuilders, and the high standard of the British mercantile marine was maintained. The old ships which the Greeks, Italians and Spanish secured were employed largely in the Mediterranean and Black Sea trades, and, although even in those days some people criticized the practice as inevitably augmenting competition for British owners, it was held, on balance, to be justified and the competition of the old ships did not, as a rule, become intense. The modern British vessels were generally able to hold their own.

In 1930 a Committee was appointed by the Board of Trade to examine the question of the sales of "Obsolete Tonnage", and again the practice, on a weighing of *pros* and *cons*, was held to be sound. The importance of the freedom of the market was emphasized, together with the undesirability of Government restriction. In the light of much that has happened since, one cannot avoid the conclusion that these arguments had relation to circumstances which no longer obtain. The most serious aspect of the question seems to be that these old ships, cheaply worked, are actually able to compete successfully with the most modern and economical British ships that can be built. How, in view of this fact, can any advantage accrue to the whole British shipping industry by such sales?

Modern ships have an advantage in a saving of the costs of

fuel, and a variety of ingenious devices have been invented within recent years, the effects of which are that for a given consumption of fuel a ship can be driven at a much higher speed than an older vessel of similar carrying capacity. Put in another way, for a certain consumption of coal a modern ship can cover a specified number of knots, whereas an older ship consumes a larger quantity of coal to steam fewer knots. The differences indicate progress in naval architecture and marine engineering, and statesmen have been able to suggest that it would be much better for British owners to replace their older ships with these new vessels embodying the latest designs. In theory the point seems a good one. In practice, this advantage may be more than offset by the economies which the foreign owners of cheaply worked vessels can effect; the saving has been estimated at as much as £9 a day on a typical cargo-vessel. Moreover, the foreign owner, provided his ship does not call at ports of the United Kingdom, has not to comply with the strict Board of Trade regulations, which involve a considerable expenditure. He starts off with a low capital cost, which means that the interest charge is far below that of the costly modern vessel, and the charge for insurance on the lower value will be less. So it has happened that while owners of modern British vessels could not accept such freights as have been offered, and some of the very newest British ships designed to secure every possible economy could not earn even a normal allowance for depreciation, foreign ships have accepted charters freely in the market.

Doubtless the arrangements for financing foreign ships vary. In well-informed quarters the financing of some of the Greek ships is believed to proceed somewhat on these lines. A master mariner and one or two of his friends collect a little capital. The members of the syndicate then approach one of the large firms which specialize in the work and conclude an agreement whereby the firm become managers in return for furnishing the rest of the capital needed to buy a cheap ship. Certain incidental management and brokerage fees help to remunerate the financing firm. The captain then gathers round him his mates and crew from among his friends, and all are associated in a co-operative venture. During the severe depression the

crew have been prepared to bear their share of the bad times in still lower wages, if they receive any at all, and, as compensation, they look forward to the time when remunerative freights will enable them to be better rewarded.

This, it will be seen, is exceedingly difficult competition to be met by British owners who have to conform to exacting Board of Trade regulations and to pay wages agreed by the National Maritime Board.

The effect of such intense competition is to depress all rates of freight. In a free market, which knows only ordinary economic considerations, merchants may find themselves compelled to accept the terms of charter which are most favourable to them. In conversation on this point recently a member of a firm of importers stated that his firm would always prefer to employ a British ship and that it would even be ready to pay a rather higher rate of freight. But it was embarrassed in carrying out this desire by the policy of other firms, which were prepared to accept the lowest rates quoted. It seemed that these firms were accustomed to buy grain overseas and import it to this country, and the rate of freight was one of the factors influencing the price which it could afford to offer to the sellers of the produce overseas. Minimum rates of freight are thus an important market consideration. Foreign owners have been able to accept these minimum rates; they have seized the chance, and their ships have been employed while British vessels have been idle.

So long as the freedom of the market continues, a certain amount of sympathy may be extended to British owners who have thought they were compelled to realize assets to the highest bidders. The writer has in mind the case of an owner who was seriously disturbed in mind when attention was called to the sale of one of his ships to a foreign firm. He explained that he deeply regretted the transfer, but that financial considerations, by which he was not alone affected, made it necessary that the best price should be secured for this asset, and the offer by the foreign firm was rather higher than the price which would have been paid by the shipbreakers. Can a managing owner fairly be asked to accept a lower price for a ship to be broken up than he could obtain if the vessel were sold to be

continued in service? If he did, all the shareholders of the company would receive less. The justification for accepting the lower price for breaking up would be that in the long run the ownership, if it were continued, would gain by not increasing the competition of foreign vessels, but, of course, this benefit would be shared by all other owners, and the direct advantage to a single firm would be limited. It is not easy for an observer to adjudicate in such instances. All that one can fairly say is that the policy of breaking up tonnage seems infinitely preferable, in the interests of the British shipping industry as a whole, to the disposal of ships to foreign owners, which will enhance competition and tend to depress the whole level of freight rates.

This problem needs to be treated collectively. One possible method of approaching it would seem to be by means of a pooling scheme within the industry itself, so that individual owners would be compensated for the loss they suffered through the sale of a vessel to be broken up, instead of a sale at a higher price for continuance in service. An alternative method would be by a system of Government licence, or prohibition, which would undoubtedly arouse opposition in some quarters at any rate because Government interference is always disliked. Still, a section of the shipping industry has reached a stage at which it has had to jettison its old independence and has had to appeal to the Government for assistance. Beyond this, there is the unquestionable fact that it is not only the shipping industry that is concerned. The whole nation is affected, since it is so dependent on imports from overseas, and it is entitled to interest itself in the system by which these vital supplies are brought to its ports.

The greater share taken by foreign tonnage in the trade of Great Britain is indicated by the statements that—compared with 1931—the tonnage of British ships entering and clearing at ports of the United Kingdom last year declined by more than 7,000,000 tons net, while the foreign shipping entering and clearing increased by 4,500,000 tons net. During the first four months of this year a slight improvement was recorded in the volume of entrances and clearances of shipping at United Kingdom ports, but the relative position changed for the worse.

Compared with the first four months of 1933, entrances and clearances of British ships were higher by 688,000 tons net, but those of foreign ships were higher by 833,000 tons. The proportion of British tonnage to the total declined from 60.2 per cent. in the first four months of 1933 to 59.6 per cent. in the corresponding period of this year.

Some explanation of this decline may be found in the report of a Special Committee of the Chamber of Shipping on Tramp Tonnage which reported at the end of last year. The number of British vessels of between 2,000 and 5,000 tons gross, which were described as being mostly deep-sea tramps, fell from 2,868 in 1914 to 1,372 last year. Other statistics indicate the actual and relative decline in British tonnage. In 1914 Great Britain and Ireland owned 41.6 per cent. of the world's tonnage, whereas by 1933 the proportion had fallen to 27.9 per cent.

All statistics bearing on shipping need to be treated with even greater circumspection than statistics normally deserve. One reason is that shipping returns are commonly expressed in tons—and there are several descriptions of tonnage—the principal in the mercantile marine being gross, net, and deadweight. Gross tonnage represents the internal volume of the vessel, including that of all permanently enclosed spaces above what is known as the tonnage deck, calculated at 100 cubic feet to the ton. Thus it happens that the gross tonnage of passenger ships is normally much more than the gross tonnage of cargo ships of similar length, beam, and depth. Net tonnage is calculated on gross tonnage, after deduction of spaces for propelling power, the accommodation for crews, and navigation spaces. Vessels are commonly chartered in the freight markets on the basis of deadweight tonnage, which has no connection with either net or gross tonnage, but represents the carrying capacity of the ship in tons weight, when loaded to the summer freeboard.

Some of the complications which are met with in arriving at the facts were mentioned two years ago by a leading owner of cargo tonnage, Mr. Edmund H. Watts, of the Britain Steamship Company. He said that the percentage of carrying done by foreigners was then increasing and, as this state of affairs was not indicated by the shipping statistics of the Board of

Trade, he decided to do a little investigation on his own account. He found, first, that the official figures were based on net registered tonnage entering United Kingdom ports, which had no relation to the amount of cargo carried in these vessels. Secondly, daily trips made by ferry boats and cross-Channel steamers caused the proportion of British registered tonnage entering British ports to be increased, and he cited in this connection two Great Western Railway steamers plying between Rosslare and Fishguard. The net register of each was about 1,000 tons, and their entrances and clearances in and out of this country during four months was as much as the whole of the large cargo fleet of the Britain Steamship Company in the course of the year.

As another instance of differences in terms the gross tonnage of the *Mauretania* is 30,695 tons, but her net tonnage is 12,542, while Mr. Watts stated that her cargo capacity was only about 2,500 tons, or less. On the other hand, the tonnage of the Britain Steamship Company amounted to 52,213 tons net and 143,654 tons deadweight. All the figures, he said, went into the official statistics and reduced the percentage of foreign cargo vessels entering British ports. Of course, during the year a liner engaged in the North Atlantic route enters and clears from British ports many times.

To illustrate the difficulties which are really inherent in statistics I will take another point, which is of special interest because these figures have been much remarked on in connection with the question of subsidies. During the debate in the House of Commons on December 13th, Mr. Runciman stated that of the world's international trade, 46 per cent. was between foreign countries alone, and that of this foreign trade British shipping carried 25 per cent. He quoted these figures to indicate the importance of this country doing nothing by way of retaliation, or fiscal war, or discrimination of a damaging character which would do more harm than good. Mr. Watts referred to this analysis at the meeting of his company a few weeks ago, saying that he believed it was based on statistics of the League of Nations for 1929, and as the experience of the directors did not bear out the flattering estimates it was again decided to investigate the position. They found

that on June 30th of last year 252 British vessels were engaged in trade between foreign ports, which would mean that, if the statement that British ships carried 25 per cent. of the trade was correct, only about 1,000 ships of all nationalities were engaged in exclusively foreign sea routes, which was "manifestly impossible". His calculation was that the total number was nearer 8,000.

Actually, many business men have learnt to treat statistics with caution. For tramp shipowners facts which come within their own knowledge have meant more than anything else. Vanished trades, reduced staffs, idle ships, unemployed crews, heavy indebtedness to banks, lack of dividends and lost capital are developments which show only too dreadfully the condition into which much British shipping has fallen.

There are many aspects of the problem. In 1929 the invisible shipping exports of the country—and they represent the greatest value of any exports—amounted to £130,000,000; by last year, the estimate of the Chamber had fallen to £59,000,000. It is deplorable that an industry which in the past has contributed so much to the national revenue should now have to go hat in hand to the Government asking for financial help. Of course British people hate the idea of subsidies; for years shipowners have prided themselves on their independence. They have never objected to ordinary forms of competition, however keen. During the last few years they have had to meet a totally different kind of fighting—one in which they are up against all the resources of the taxpayers of other countries. The Australian Government shipping enterprise did much harm before it was abandoned years ago. The United States Government experiments in shipping have greatly aggravated the troubles of owners who receive no Government support, and they have helped materially to render so extraordinary difficult the payment of War Debts. The United States has refused to be paid in services in a way that would have been possible before the War, and the competition of Governments, by depressing freight rates generally, has been an important influence in the losses incurred by shipping in the freight markets of the world.

So far, emphasis has been laid on the state of tramp tonnage, which has been so badly hit. Yet for many years liners in all

trades have also encountered heavily subsidized freight services. One of the most glaring of these examples is in the route between the Pacific Coast of North America and Australia and New Zealand. Here British ships have to compete with very heavily subsidized American liners which carry passengers and goods between San Francisco and Honolulu—a trade prohibited to the British vessels because it is treated as American coastwise. Yet, at the other end of the voyage, American vessels participate in the traffic between Australia and New Zealand. The unfairness of this one-sided arrangement must be plain to all. Many cases of particularly serious foreign competition might be cited, like that of the Italian liners trading between India and Italy. There are, indeed, so many different instances that the public may easily become confused and have its attention diverted from some of the plain dangers threatening it.

Ability to state issues simply usually requires thorough knowledge, and it is through the simplicity and forcefulness of his statements that Mr. Alexander Shaw, the chairman of the P. & O. Company, has rendered particularly important services to the nation. He has been outspoken at the last two meetings of the great company over which he presides, and he has lately followed up those speeches by earnest addresses in Australia and New Zealand. Fortunately, they have been reprinted in pamphlet form, and they well deserve study. At Melbourne, after referring to the immense decline in British tramp tonnage, Mr. Shaw declared that, in the face of it, there had been no action, no policy; hardly more, officially, than a whispered protest. The British people, he recalled at Sydney, were more and more being forced off the seas by the pressure of highly subsidized foreign vessels, which could afford to operate at a loss by virtue of the wealth of the taxpayers behind them. Although that process had been going on steadily for many years, no defence against it had been devised and no reply had been attempted.

Let no one imagine that a solution of the many problems raised in the state of shipping is simple. There are many important interests, and at all points these do not coincide. In some routes liners compete for cargo with tramps, and assistance rendered to one section of the industry might be of

no value to another, or it might even be damaging. Given fair opportunities of trading, shipowners would ask for no help at all, especially as there is always risk to the intricate mechanism of commerce when a government seeks to intervene. Yet none is likely to maintain that British shipowners are facing reasonable conditions in having to contend with subsidies paid to foreign mercantile marines amounting to about £30,000,000 a year—a generally accepted estimate. And these subsidies are paid by countries to which shipping cannot possibly mean what it does to this nation, an island still dependent for the greater part of its food supplies on imports. Most of those countries are to a very large extent self-supporting and could carry on for a long time, if not indefinitely, without imports. How different is the situation of Britain. It is no exaggeration to state that the life of every man, woman and child in this country is involved in the arrangements by which an adequate flow of foodstuffs and other essential materials reaches us from countries overseas. Various measures may need to be taken to ensure safety, and one of the simplest and most effective seems to be the curtailment of the supply of cheap, but useful, British vessels to foreign owners. As regards other measures, if some of the issues involved were widely understood the demand for ensuring that British shipping had fair play in future would come, not from owners, who are unaccustomed to complain, but from outside the industry, for the whole nation is closely concerned with the future of British shipping.

THE PRESIDENT AND POLITICS

BY D. W. BROGAN

ON November 6th next, the American people will elect a complete House of Representatives and a third of the Senate, and on the way in which they carry out this function will depend the ability of President Roosevelt to carry out his. If they give him a Congress of his own mind, bound to him by party or personal allegiance, he will, at any rate, have the necessary legislative and financial backing. If Congress is hostile or even indifferent, the Government of the United States will be hamstrung, and both President and Congress will spend the next two years in mutual suspicion and in political manœuvring. Presidents, before now, have thought that it was a pity that the middle of their terms should be interrupted by these partial elections, which can never be decisive enough to bring about a positive change (for they leave the President in office), but which may negatively render that office barren of achievement—but the constitution insists.

In the Senate, the Administration can afford to lose a lot; it is likely to lose little and it may even gain something. It is the lower House that is in danger, for there the whole nation is involved—not a lucky selection of States—and there the Democratic party has to answer for certain weaknesses of personnel and leadership. To hold the Senate will not be enough. If the Democrats lose control of the House, or even suffer a substantial reduction of the Administration majority, that will be a blow to the prestige, and so to the power, of the President, which may be crippling, not merely to Mr. Roosevelt's personal position, but to the power of his Administration to meet the crises of what will be, at best, a stormy and difficult two years of American and of world history.

No matter, then, how free from party or personal ambition

Mr. Roosevelt may be, he cannot, for the very life of his programme, neglect politics. He must take thought for November; he must do his best to see that his enemies within and without the Democratic party do not manœuvre him into indefensible positions and that the inevitable ebb of the tide of popularity and support, which carried him to his quasi-dictatorial position, is not allowed to recede too far.

In America, popular opinion is capable of extraordinary shifts. Causes, hopelessly lost in August, have been easily triumphant in November. Lincoln might believe and declare that it was foolish to change horses when crossing the stream, but he understood his countrymen too well not to know that they were capable of doing just that. In the bad summer of 1864, the American people, or so Lincoln thought, were ready to change horses; indeed, determined to do so, and if, in November, they did re-elect him, it was because the stream had been crossed. Mr. Roosevelt will be wise if he does not rely too much on the fidelity of his electors or on their realization that a sudden withdrawal from the experiments of the last two years may not be practicable. It may turn out to be impossible to unscramble the eggs, but that will not prevent the American people from changing the cooks if they have come to dislike the flavour of the Rooseveltian meal.

In any case, whatever President and people may think, Congress is thinking of November. For individuals and for organizations, this election may be decisive of political life or death, and the outside world, which cares little who is Senator for Winnemac and less who is Congressman for Buncombe, must reconcile itself to the fact that, on questions of such minor importance, will depend in the next two years the direction and the authority of the Government of the United States.

The defeat of the Republicans in 1932 was so crushing, so humiliating, in all elections, state and national, that it may seem impossible for them to recover from it in two short years, the more so that the personal prestige of Mr. Roosevelt is far higher than it was in 1932 and that the defeated party has shown no signs of throwing up either a programme or a leader. There are, however, Republican assets that have not been entirely dissipated and, however unlikely a victory for the opposition

party may be, a striking increase in its congressional strength is not a possibility to be dismissed out of hand. When the triumph of the "Bloc National" and of "Reaction" in France in 1919 had shaken the confidence of the long dominant Left in its natural right to rule, it was the late Aristide Briand who found the words of comfort for the future. "*Nous avons les cadres*", he said, and a not very distant future was to show how important an asset the committees and the federations, the "machine" of the Left parties, was to be. In his adherence to parties for traditional reasons, his faithfulness to names rather than to things, the political Frenchman and the political American have much in common, and the Republicans have still the cadres, the most effective local machines, and the adherence of those sections of the community which, for two generations past, have been accustomed to lead with a well warranted confidence that they would be followed.

In the happy pre-depression days, politics in America were free from the presence of powerful ideals cutting across conventional party lines; free, too, from the pressure of economic necessity on party organization. Politics was a profession for many, a sport for more, but to very few a burning passion for righteousness or for any other highly emotional cause. There were few issues, and what there were cut across the formal party lines. The dominant party was the political aspect of business rule, and as long as the American people agreed with the late Mr. Coolidge, that the business of the United States was business, the Republican party was the natural home of the unpolitically-minded, that is, of the vast majority. A temporary diminution in the flow of wealth under the direction of the great and good men who ruled the business world—and the nation—bred discontent in certain areas which had temporary and local political effects, but there was no real drive behind this discontent; it was querulous and easily placated or exhausted.

Where the Republicans are strong, the Democrats are weak. The "best people", the wealthiest people, however loud their admiration of the President and of the New Deal, are still Republicans in politics. The press is for the most part Republican. The Republicans have the officers, the N.C.O.'s, the war chest, the discipline and the habit of victory. For the moment, the

Democrats have the numbers, but they are the raw material of an army, not yet an army. The Republican party is still the natural home of the socially and politically ambitious as well as of the socially and politically arrived, and over a vast area the long Republican dominance had, by 1932, worn down the Democrats to a minority with no hope of office, and so short of leaders of energy and power.

It is against this background that the clean sweep of 1932 should be considered. In 1932, the tidal wave carried Democrats into office in state and nation in a fashion complete enough to astonish the most optimistic adherent of the long depressed party. Forty Governors out of forty-eight; sixty Senators out of ninety-six; an immense majority in the House of Representatives; these represented a victory as complete as that of the National Government in this country in 1931 and far more astonishing. We all remember the oddities of our own election, of the young men who, to their surprise and occasional annoyance, found themselves M.P.'s, of the university student who, fighting a forlorn hope for practice, defeated his teacher, the sitting member. There were equal oddities in America.

The Democratic party, it must be repeated, over a great part of the Union, had become a mere skeleton of obstinate hereditary partisans or faint but not quite despairing aspirants after federal office. Its candidates, in 1932 as in 1928, represented this small group. The determination of the American people to express its opinion of the "Grand Old Party", under whose rule, if not through whose rule, the nation had fallen into the pit, had no outlet but to vote for candidates, many of whom, it is charitable to suppose, would hardly have dared to seek or accept the Democratic nomination, had they thought election a possibility. But office works wonders. The Congressmen, the Senators, the Governors and the lesser lights *have* been elected; they would be more than human were they not to feel that, unconsciously perhaps, the normally Republican electors had done very well for themselves and will be willing to do knowingly in 1934 what they did in blind rage in 1932. It can hardly be doubted, then, that there are many Congressmen who will be weaker than their party, that is to say, than the President, in this November election, but whose fate may well involve the success of the Administration

policy. Millions of voters who are anxious to give a vote of confidence to the President will find themselves forced to do so at the cost of returning to Washington moderately impressive politicians, most of them too little known in 1932 and some, perhaps, too well known in 1934.

That the weakness of the officers of his party over a great part of the Union is known to the President, and is known to be a political handicap, is highly probable, but the resources of an English Prime Minister are not available to Mr. Roosevelt. The issue of "coupons" to orthodox party candidates is not an unknown device in American politics, but the results have not been very reassuring. President Wilson, with his excessive fondness for English practice, tried to make adherence to his policies a test of party orthodoxy, but some prominent Democrats who braved his thunders had no reason to regret their boldness. In any case, since few or no candidates will admit to being either enemies or even lukewarm supporters of the President, it will be impossible to separate sheep from goats, or better still, to retire both in favour of more formidable or attractive members of the political bestiary.

The Senators and Representatives now in office are as well aware as anyone that their time may be short, and they are resolved to make the most of it, if only to dig themselves (and their party) in. They have even dared to defy their party leader in their attempts to buy the favour of powerful groups, such as the "Veterans", and if the worst attempts to use political claims by agents in Washington have been stamped out after vigorous action by Mr. Roosevelt, a good deal of manna and quails has been provided for "deserving Democrats", to use the late Mr. Bryan's terminology. Some jobs have been given away, *ceteribus paribus*, preferably to political nominees; many have been given, as in the old Irish story, to good Democrats, "*ceteris paribus* be damned". Jobs have been used by Mr. Roosevelt, as they have been used by all Presidents, to enforce party discipline, but the growth of jobs has been too rapid for rational use, and few good Democrats have had reason, "tired of knocking at Preferment's door", to forsake their congressional friends.

Events, too, make the President's position difficult. The great drought which threatens to solve the problem of over-

production more effectively than the A.A.A., may have disastrous political results, for it has been observed in the past that the American farmer, like an African native, blames his ruler for the weather.

There are already available some clues to the temper of the electors, chief of them being the "primaries". Since American parties are not separated from one another by doctrinal differences, it is easy for a voter to transfer his allegiance and, over the greater part of the country, transfers have gone on to such a degree that most areas are safe for one party. In such areas, the real election is normally the "primary", that is to say, the election held by the states to determine who shall be the candidates of the various parties. In states solid for one or other of the parties, the winner of the primary was in the recent past the winner of the election. The official Conservative candidate for Bournemouth may think of himself as already M.P. without deserving rebuke for excessive rashness. So could a Democratic candidate in the South and a Republican candidate in most other parts of the Union. The upheaval of two years ago changed all that for the time being. In many States the Democratic primaries, for long of no practical importance, were flooded with new party adherents, usually formal Democrats who, in previous years, had voted in Republican primaries, preferring to have a voice in the election that really meant something rather than in the formal election which merely confirmed the earlier choice of the dominant party.

The decision of the elector to vote in one primary rather than in another is a form of ante-post betting; it indicates a preference for the horses of one stable over the other and it shortens the odds for the S.P. betting of October and November. It has a cumulative effect, for electors do not like to "waste" their vote, so that a heavy primary poll wins support in November.

The primaries can thus help the President in two ways: they can show so much Democratic strength as to encourage waverers, and they can make the party candidates more representative of serious blocks of opinion than were some of the victors of two years ago.

Politicians of both parties have been watching and assessing the results of the primaries with public satisfaction, and with

private doubts. Obviously, the Democrats will lose some of the strength of 1932, but the primary vote so far shows they have kept a lot of it. The fact that more votes were cast in the Democratic primaries in Illinois than in the Republican, if an index of what the industrial-farming States of the Middle West will do in November, is of good cheer for the White House.

Most attention has, however, been devoted to the primary in Pennsylvania. That commonwealth was the only important state to vote for Mr. Hoover in 1932. It has been traditionally the heart of the Republican party, the home of the alliance between business and Republican politics. It was the home of the great senatorial bosses, and is the home of the great and admirably disciplined city machines: the Vare machine in Philadelphia, generally believed to be able to give Tammany lessons in practical politics, and the Pittsburgh machine, generally reputed to be an aspect of the reverence shown by his fellow-citizens, as voters and jurors, for the virtues of Mr. Andrew Mellon. For more than ten years past, this great state has not obeyed the orders of any one chief. Mr. Mellon's prestige and millions were used in vain; the succession to the great boss, Boise Penrose, was fought for but not won. In this anarchy, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt, "progressive" supporter of President Franklin Roosevelt, has twice managed to be elected Governor, to the annoyance of the regular Republicans who were suspected of preferring a conservative Democrat to an irregular and "radical" Republican.

Mr. Pinchot has twice tried to enter the Senate—in 1926 and again this year—and the fight he made in the Republican primaries of this spring has symbolized the political situation. His opponent, Mr. David Reed, is a symbol, even more than Mr. Pinchot, for he is senior Senator from Pennsylvania; his party fidelity is unquestioned, his debating powers are feared and his ambitions regarded with respect by many despondent Republicans, who are thinking long and thinking hard of the presidential election of 1936. A victory for Mr. Pinchot would have been revolutionary. It would have been extremely damaging to the Republican morale, slowly recovering from the disasters of 1932: it might even have been a sign of that recasting of party lines that so many right-thinking citizens have hoped for.

However, Mr. Reed won, and he will carry the banner of what he calls "the Square Deal" in November. It is difficult to decide whether a Pinchot victory would have been altogether gratifying to the White House. If Mr. Pinchot had won, the interests of the President as a party leader and as an administrator might have been in conflict. How could he have taken sides against the winner of the Democratic primary? He is head of a party on which he must rely for his chief support. On the other hand, a defeat of Mr. Pinchot in the final election might have seriously hindered the movement of radical Republicans into the President's camp, if not yet into the President's party. There are other leading Republicans who supported Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 and whose local situation is so strong, or so independent of ordinary party support, that to run a regular Democratic candidate against them would not merely be ingratitude but bad politics. Of this select class, the most conspicuous member is Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, who helped to take Mr. Hoover's home state away from him in 1932, and whose supporters made Wilson president for the second time in 1916.

In this election, however, the hope of the Administration must be that issues of policy, not of persons, emerge, preferably in the general form of "trust in the President". The *Literary Digest* has been conducting one of its famous polls on the question: "Do you approve in general" of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration. As far as the results have come in, the American voter as represented by the *Digest* poll (and that usually represents him very faithfully) does approve *in general*. That is not enough, however; for it is particular approval, expressed in support for congressional and senatorial candidates which is to be desired, and there are doubtless hundreds of thousands of voters who would vote for Mr. Roosevelt were this a presidential year, who will not feel bound to support Democratic candidates in November, even though they thereby endanger the President's authority. Electors ought to be able to put two and two together, but they are not; and the sum of the local and personal issues which will decide the elections of 1934 may be in effect a fatal blow to Mr. Roosevelt's authority, delivered by an electorate anxious, in all good faith, to follow him.

What forces work for the President to offset the inevitable

ebb of the tide, the traditional weakness of his party over a great part of the Union and the unpopularity and even disrepute into which parts of the "recovery" policy have fallen? There is first the immense personal popularity and *trust* which Mr. Roosevelt still commands. It is a maxim of American politics that you cannot beat something with nothing, and there is no leader of the Opposition in sight. Indeed, during the first year of the Administration, the most effective opposition came, not from the demoralized Republicans, but from discontented Democrats, like Governor Smith and Senator Carter Glass; and it has been difficult to make party capital out of the scepticism with which the often contradictory expedients of the Administration have been received in critical circles. This difficulty has been keenly felt by the leaders of the Republican party, who have been comically nervous about getting off on the wrong foot on their march to power. Staunch party men like Senator Robinson, of Indiana, with none too safe seats to look after, have beaten the war drum, but the United States has not yet reached the point of taking a lead from contemporary Indiana. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, still, fifteen years after his father's death, Theodore Roosevelt, junior, has uttered grave words of warning, but he is so far a voice without an echo. Dr. Wirt has raised a spook that, in the good old days, could always be relied on to frighten that timidest of God's creatures, the American businessman, but the menace of Moscow was oversold, like so many other things, in the great bull market. Then the great Harding scandals were merely another proof of Bolshevik devilry, for did not Stalin himself launch the mud-slinging campaign that, for a moment, darkened the reputation of that great public servant, Harry Daugherty? Dr. Wirt's kindred revelations were debunked by Representative Bulwinkle, and the eminent schoolman (American masculine form of schoolmarm), succeeded only in frightening the *Chicago Tribune*, the nearest thing to a no-ball in American political cricket.

The difficulties which face the Republican party have been made public by the fight over the office of Chairman of the National Committee. The American party system has no place for a Leader of the Opposition. A defeated presidential candidate fades out. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt and, to a less

degree, Mr. Al Smith, are partial exceptions to this rule, but Mr. Hoover is not. The fiction that he would be the candidate in 1936 has lost whatever shreds of plausibility it ever had, and with that loss has gone the last semblance of party unity. Efforts were made to give the party a progressive tone by nominating a western chairman, but the Old Guard was strong enough to prevent that, and the Republicans have for chief of the party headquarters Mr. H. P. Fletcher, a former ambassador who has so far avoided taking sides that his selection can be represented as a victory for the conservatives and yet not a defeat for the progressives. The Committee has also gone in for progressive words; the party will be "liberal progressive", but will die in the ditch in defence of "individual initiative" (Mr. Hoover's slogan was "rugged individualism", so the progress is not startling). That something more drastic will be required to put the party on its feet is not a secret hidden from the more astute among the Republican leaders. Two generations of success have given the party fatty degeneration of the head, and it is not easy to abandon the habits of meaningless common-place which did so well for so long, but it will have to be done. Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, and a possible for 1936, has even dared to suggest that more and more tariffs are not the be-all and end-all of economic policy, but such heresy has not yet won over the party leaders who have fought so stiffly to deny President Roosevelt the power to make tariff treaties with other countries.

There is something to be said for the attitude of the Old Guard of the Grand Old Party. They have seen popular discontent blow into a blizzard before; they have seen Democrats in the White House before. There was Wilson's "New Freedom" before Roosevelt's "New Deal", but after a time the people came to its senses and went back to the old safe party which, in the meantime, had been kept orthodox by such Fathers as Boise Penrose and his like who had preferred to see Wilson win in 1912 rather than see the party machine get into the dangerous hands of Theodore Roosevelt. Why should they give up hope now that the old magic will work, and their conviction that it would be rash to permit any tampering with the deposit of the faith? They are the Veuillots against the Montalemberts. In

any case, they can read the lesson of 1932 to suit themselves. Mr. Hoover was not one of theirs ; he was an amateur, and the party paid for the folly of trusting an amateur. In the disasters of 1932, the few party assets that were saved were saved by the Old Guard. For if it lost such leaders as Senator Moses, the six States that stood by the party were all solid for the most rigid orthodoxy and, apart from those States, there were wide areas that were unbroken in the rout all over the rural sections of the East.

If Republican disunion is one great asset of the President, Republican disreputability is another. At every critical moment of the past year some new scandal has blown up and the victims have been usually associated with the opposite party. This is not surprising. The Republicans, like the French Radical-Socialists, are not more corrupt than their rivals, but as they were more likely to be in power than their rivals, they were more subject to high-pressure buying of political favours, and it was under the blind or benevolent eye of a Republican administration that the American people were robbed with such virtuosity, and the American people is still too sore to forget it. Even if it were ready to forget, new cats are constantly being let (or dragged) out of the bag—and the Insull trial is still to come !

It would be nice for the Republicans if scandals would break the other way, or if the discontent of the small business man, given wide publicity with the publication of the Darrow report, could be capitalized, but a real championship of the small man, a common front against both labour and big business, a programme which has paid well in Europe, would require histrionic talents of a rare order. The spectacle of the Republican party defying both the American Federation of Labour and Wall Street in defence of Babbitt is not likely to get beyond the state of a shadow or a waking dream this year ; and efforts to untie the tin can of Wall Street's alliance with the party, so adroitly fastened to the Republican tail by Mr. Pecora, etc., will not be successful in time.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that business men of all grades will be scared by the rise of a militant labour movement. The President's adumbrations of a system of unemployment insurance and other indications of a swing to the Left may scare

all ranks of employers into unity. In any event the Administration must, sooner or later, make up its mind about its labour policy. Does it really mean to protect or foster independent trade unions or not? The administration of the N.R.A. has displayed at least two minds about it, and attempts to do the trick by law have broken down for the time being before the resistance of the Weirton Company, a corporation resolute enough to defy the administration and to win what may be a decisive legal victory over it; a defeat which may mark the turn of the tide—or be a new Dred Scott case, driving men from law to action. If crop restriction, by law or by act of God, fails to restore the golden age of the farmers, the counsel of Secretary Wallace may be listened to and those sections of big business, notably the motor industry, which want an export market may combine with the cotton and corn sections to assail the tariff.

There is plenty of impatience, anger, and disappointment in America; by November there may well be a lot more. It will be the task of the President to direct that anger and impatience against his opponents (if they have come out into the open), to ask and receive authority for another measure of recovery *and* reform. In all his experiments he has hitherto received astonishing support, but some of his reforms have probed deeply into social wounds and have offended very powerful forces which will readily turn to their advantage any slackening in public interest, any distrust of presidential wisdom. The Republicans, the conservative Democrats, Big Business, will rely on the fickleness of the American people. Thirty years ago, a competent observer declared that “as a people, Hinnissy, we’re the greatest crusaders that iver was—f’r a short distance. On a quarter mile thrack we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan’s frind, Godfrey th’Bullion look like a crab”. It is the President’s main task to turn this sprinter into a distance runner.

THE NATIONALIST

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I

WHAT charms you about all of this travelling about America is not the scenery but the people met. I met the nationalist on a train coming out of New Orleans. We were both bound for New York. It was at the height of summer and his face was red as my own. Drops of sweat stood on his broad forehead and little rivulets of sweat ran down his fat cheeks. There were few passengers and I found him sitting alone in the lounging car at the end of the train. A conversation began at once and I told him I was a writer.

It is a good plan. He was so evidently a successful business man, and successful business men are curious about writers. For a moment he looked at me, I thought with suspicion in his eyes, and then something, no doubt my easy grace of manner, my eagerness to be social . . . I had on a good, conservative suit of clothes . . . he decided to expand.

He began by giving me a cigar. "Don't be afraid", he said, "it's a good one". It was.

"And do you write for the popular magazines?"

"Sometimes", I said. I did not tell him how infrequently.

He expanded more and more.

"There is no doubt that he is an important man", I thought. There was even a kind of melting, not caused by the heat. He had small grey eyes and they looked at me eagerly, even a little greedily.

He began at once to tell me his story, the story of his adventures in life. All Americans do that, and it developed that he was a rat man. At first I didn't understand. "I am in the rat game", was what he said. I knew at once that he would be at the top of any game he was in. Presently it developed that

he was in reality a rat king and, again looking at him, I began to think that he would inevitably be one of our American kings.

Everything was explained carefully, elaborately. We had plenty of time. By rats he meant the muskrat, a rodent I had known in my boyhood.

The muskrat used to live along the creeks in my Ohio country and I had seen them there. As I remembered them, they were nearly as large as cats. Their pelts had a certain value. As a boy I had known another boy who set traps for them.

"Oh yes. I know. I understand now."

But I did not understand. It was obvious that this man, with his air of command . . . there was something in his manner not unlike an army general . . . with a certain large assurance and confidence in self . . . could be no setter out of muskrat traps, skinner of muskrats, simple dealer in the pelts of rats. "This man had not got to where he is, buying pelts from country boys such as I used to know", I thought.

He was however explaining, and at once he differentiated between the Northern and the Southern muskrat. Like a good many Northern men who come South, he was more Southern than the Southerners. He spoke with a kind of contempt of Northern rats, saying that they were over-valued. For a long time there had been a notion abroad that the Northern rat was superior. "It is all nonsense", he said. I gathered that he personally had had much to do with a gradual change he said was taking place in public opinion.

As for the Southern rat it had its home, its paradise, in certain swamp lands near the city of New Orleans. A great many people had a misconception of the city and where it stood. They thought it was at the mouth of the Mississippi River but it wasn't. It was more than a hundred miles from the river's mouth and stretched away to the East and the West, far to the East and far to the West, where there were thousands, even millions, of acres of swamp lands. "Oh yes", I said. I had heard that.

What I did not know about was the great rat industry that had gone on for years in these swamps. There were these millions of acres of swamps and more millions of rats lived in

them. There had been an industry built up. All through these swamps, he explained, there were people living. The rats lived in the swamps and these people lived upon the rats. They were trappers, living in the swamps. Their houses were built upon stilts stuck in the ground. They lived in boats.

"The Cajans", I said. "Yes", he replied.

It happened that I knew something of these swamps.

"It is where the mosquitoes come from", I said, and he laughed.

So there were these people who lived in the swamp lands. They were trappers. They spoke a bastard French. I gathered that for a century or more they had lived thus, in the swamps, not owning the swamp lands, paying each a small sum each year to the owners of the land. Although they were poor, they were an independent and a proud people.

And then the rat king had appeared. I do not know whether or not the man I met on the train was the actual king. He told of what had been done, but he spoke in the plural. "We did so and so", he said.

II

The swamp lands had been acquired. There had been a company formed. The central idea, I gathered, had really been the welfare of the rats in the swamps and the trappers in the swamps. A company had been formed and millions of acres of the half submerged lands had been acquired.

There had been a struggle. The trappers in the swamps had been gathered in and everything had been explained, but at first they had not understood. It was not for the good of the trapper or the rat that things go on as they were. These men had been too independent. Each man paid his yearly sum and went as he pleased into the swamp. He set traps as he pleased.

It had all been carefully explained, the man on the train told me, but the trappers were very stupid men. "Now you will no longer work for yourself. You will work for us." The land would be divided and subdivided. "You may put your house here or there. We will say where you may put your house. We will lay out your trap line for you. Life will no

longer be a gamble. You will not go on as you have done in this uncertain way. You will now work for wages."

As for the Southern rat, I gathered that he needed protection. There were certain years when the salt waters from the gulf came up into the swamps and the rats died by the million. Places of refuge had to be provided. There were certain men among the trappers who caught rats too early or too late in the season. It was odd that the trappers did not, would not at first understand all that was being done for them. There had been a long and bitter struggle, but in the end the rat company, headed by the rat king, had won.

There were other things to be taken into consideration. The Southern rat had never been properly publicized. He was like so many other outstanding features of the Southern civilization. The Southern rat had been looked down upon. The man on the train became charming in his wholehearted defence of the Southern rat and in his concern for Southern civilization. With his big hand he pounded upon the seat of his chair and his jaw became set.

"You'll see", he declared, "the time will yet come when the Southern rat will come into his own!"

He explained to me many things that could be done with the Southern rat. It had to be caught, to be sure, at just the right season of the year. "This business", he said vehemently, "of allowing a lot of selfish individual men to run about over the swamps!" They took everything from the rats and gave nothing back. You could not allow a matter of such great importance to the whole South to remain in the hands of individuals. They caught the rats too early in the season or too late. The pelts were not treated as they should be. In the hands of experts in such matters the Southern rat could become anything. It could become mink or otter or even beaver. The future of the Southern rat was something tremendous.

The man whom I took to be the rat king of the South explained everything to me. Now that the rat industry was being controlled, everything was being thought of. In reality, for example, the flesh of the Southern rat was delicious. There was a good deal of prejudice about eating rats, but it was all nonsense. It was like the American prejudice against eating

snails. The French did it. They found the snail a delicious morsel. Experiments were being conducted to change the flavour of the rats. They could be given the flavour of the most delicious fish or even of venison.

The man on the train came near weeping, thinking of all this.

"Think of it", he said, "all of these tons of delicious food wasted. And men often going hungry, too", he said.

He said that there were certain difficulties to be overcome. There were the so-called pure food laws. A lot of silly reformers had got at Congress. "The flesh of the Southern rat is delicious", he said again. He smacked his lips. "These damn reformers", he said.

He looked steadily at me.

"You have no use for such people, have you?" he asked.

"I think they are very un-American", I said; and, "you are damned right", he agreed.

III

He had got now upon the subject of laws. He himself was a law-abiding citizen, but there were certain laws, laws put through by the least American of our people. Did I ever go to Washington? "You writers", he said. He thought we writers must have a certain influence.

He became more and more in earnest. It was evident that a new thought had come to him.

"There is something else", he said. He looked about the car. A small and aged woman in black had come into the lounging car, but she sat far away. He lowered his voice. There was, he said, a matter he thought he should speak to me about. There was my position as a writer. No doubt I had friends. There was a law that had been put on the statute books that was hurting him and his company.

It concerned, he said, a thing called egrets. Did I know what an egret was? "Aha!" He thought not. The egret was a bird. It was a mischievous and terrible bird. "Look at us", he said. "We have fish hatcheries all over the country. The egret lives on fish."

The egret, he declared, was a bird that did not belong to America. It was not an American bird.

Still it came here. It came in thousands into the land he and other good Americans had acquired. It did not come, he said, to live in America. It came only to breed and it happened that this particular bird . . . it had a peculiarity . . . at the time when it was sitting on eggs and brooding its young . . . the young would not stay in America when they grew old enough to fly . . . they would fly away to South America . . . they were really South American birds. . . .

And it happened that these birds . . . at just a certain time . . . when they were brooding these foreign youngsters . . . at that time there were feathers that grew on them, very delicate and beautiful feathers . . . women liked to wear them on their hats. He said that he did not blame the women.

"I think that our American women are the most beautiful women in the world", he said. "I would deprive them of nothing."

But it had happened. A lot of women reformers . . . they were probably old maids . . . they had done it. A law had been passed.

"We cannot shoot these birds", he said. "If we could shoot them they would bring us in thirty to forty dollars apiece."

"It isn't the money I am thinking about", he said. There was a grave injustice being done. "These egrets", he said again, "are not American birds. They are foreign birds and they come up here only to eat our American fish."

He thought that I, being a writer and if I were a good American, should do my part to correct such a glaring injustice.

"You have friends", he said. "You could ask them to write to their Congressmen."

He gave me another cigar.

"Will you try to do something about it", he asked, and I promised I would.

"I will write about it some day", I said, and "That will be splendid", he cried.

He said that nothing made him so sad as the thought of these millions of native American fish gobbled up each year by these damned foreign birds.

WAR DEBT REALITIES

BY DR. M. J. BONN

I.

THE American demand to the British Government for the payment of 262,000,000 dollars might reopen the problem of international debts, which has been left in abeyance since the Lausanne Conference. The old American denial of a connection between reparation payments and the different sorts of inter-Allied war debts has come to the front again. The Americans have obstinately stuck to this denial ever since financial negotiations were entered upon, during the Armistice, between them and the European Allies. Formally, no doubt, they are quite right. Lending money to one's friends and squeezing an indemnity out of a beaten enemy are two quite different propositions. And they are not merely splitting hairs. If the Allies had lost the war, or if there had been a peace without victor, no reparation payments would have been received. But the money lent to the Allies by the American Government for buying arms and raw materials in the United States would have been spent anyhow. Politically-minded Americans have always felt rather uncomfortable about the use of this purely legal argument. For the agreements which the United States concluded after 1923 with their various allied debtors were based on their "capacity to pay"; and this capacity to pay was greatly affected by the payments they might receive from each other under their debt agreements, or from Germany under the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. When the United States assessed the capacity of their separate debtors, at various dates, they tried hard to eliminate such indirect connections; complete exclusion of them was clearly out of the question. The Young Plan—which would never have seen the light of day but for official and unofficial American

activities—was based upon the assumption that Germany must provide the European Allies with the means of paying the United States.

When concluding their separate debt agreements, the United States had been very reasonable. It insisted on the repayment of the capital, spreading it over a lengthy period. By charging a very low rate of interest to France and Italy, it reduced their burden considerably. England fared less well. The reductions granted to France have been estimated at fifty to sixty per cent of the total value of capital and interest, whilst England, at best, benefited by about thirty per cent. Italy, on the other hand, whose government had discarded democracy, was forgiven nearly eighty per cent of her total obligations, caused by a war to make the world safe for democracy. These various debt agreements were made at a time when interest rates were very much higher than they are today. For this reason alone, they have become somewhat fictitious.

Americans have never tired of repeating President Calvin Coolidge's utterance with which he refuted cancellation when it was first mooted to him: "Didn't they hire the money?" The American view is that the inter-Allied debts arise from a business agreement between business partners, which must be kept like other contracts. The United States Government strongly insisted on the sanctity of contracts at a time when their people aspired to the role of the great international creditor nation. At that particular moment it would have ill suited their game to permit old debtors to wriggle out of their old contracts, when they were entering with them into new contracts. This attitude is no longer tenable. Currency devaluation, into which England was forced in 1931, and which the United States took up as a deliberate policy in 1933, may not be called repudiation. It is an arbitrary one-sided annihilation of contracts, especially when the Gold Clause, devised as a protection against such breaches, is declared void in national as well as in international agreements. This policy was pursued in order to protect the debtor against the fall of prices, which had made his burden more onerous. This consideration applies with greater justice to inter-Allied war debts. The fall from war-prices to the present-day price level was not taken into account when

the debt agreements were concluded. In any case there is not much use in standing up for the sanctity of contracts when the right to break contracts, not only between a government and its debtors, but between all debtors and all creditors, solvent and insolvent, who have put their trust in the currency of a particular country, is considered a wise, constructive policy. Currency depreciation is a form of repudiation made respectable by deriving it from the conception of national sovereignty. It is collective bankruptcy, indiscriminately offering to debtors whose capacity to pay is in no way impaired the same advantages of relief as to their broken-down colleagues.

The resurrection of the debt question is due to the changed financial situation of the United States Government. For many years, the United States budget produced a handsome yearly surplus which was used for paying off debts. This situation is changed completely. Huge deficits are piling up which ultimately have to be met by the American taxpayer. In these circumstances, the payment of two to four hundred million dollars a year which America expected from her foreign debtors—all of which, by the way, is at the charge of the German taxpayer, if the Lausanne agreements are not maintained—look rather attractive to the American taxpayer. Small wonder that his representatives get excited when they read in the papers that the British Budget has yielded a surplus, but that Great Britain is unable to pay her debts to America; that she is in a position to reduce the income-tax by sixpence, but does not even apologise for omitting from her Estimates any provision for payments to the United States.

II.

International debts can only be paid over a long period of time by services and by goods. The United States, it is said, insisting on high tariffs, refuses to accept goods. Even before the recent suggestion of payment in kind, this was rather an exaggeration. Many commodities such as rubber, silk, tea, coffee, cocoa, potash, tin, palm nuts, enter the United States duty free; others pay a duty which is shifted to the United States consumer. The debtor countries do not produce these commodities; but they could, by paying for them in their country of

origin, provide the United States gratis with them. For a long time the American authorities argued, moreover, that there was no difficulty whatsoever in consuming the annual debt surplus accruing to them, without additional imports. They could send out vast hordes of tourists, who would eat up goods and services in debtor countries without in any way interfering with the existing balance of trade. And if that was not sufficient, they were quite willing to let the surplus due to them stand over abroad in the form of loans. The end of prosperity has demolished this argument. Debtor countries, like France, go on offering goods and services on a very large scale for the enjoyment of the American tourist; as his income has been greatly reduced, he is no longer in a position to avail himself of them.

The loan argument was at the bottom of the Dawes Plan. Germany was supposed to pay a standard annuity of a hundred and twenty-five million pounds in marks without resorting to government loans; she experienced no transfer difficulties for over four years, whilst huge sums were paid and transmitted. For her creditors lent to her private citizens, her municipalities and her states more than double the amount she was made to pay. Lending of that sort does not settle the problem of indebtedness. It merely postpones it. The great influx of capital into a country may so increase its productive capacity as to make the payment of the original unproductive debt very easy. But as experience has shown, it may work quite differently. Bad debts do not become good debts by the issue of additional extravagant and unwisely invested loans.

Huge payments of goods in discharge of debt may easily dislocate a creditor's economic system. The transfer problem is a problem of dislocation. A debtor country can pay by reducing its imports and by deflecting them into the creditor country. It can do this by reducing its own purchasing power through heavy taxation. This would not change the world's total foreign trade. The debtor country maintains its exports, using part of them to pay for imports directed to the creditor country. As the creditor country's taxpayer has been relieved of part of his tax burden he can increase his consumption. If England through very heavy taxation drank less tea, and if

the tea saved and paid for by her could be sent to the United States and consumed by the American people, a war debt within these dimensions could be easily discharged. Shiftings such as these are not easily accomplished; few countries are willing to reduce their standard of living. They prefer paying their foreign debts by increased production and exports, if possible without reducing consumption. To do this, purchasing power and cost of production at home, in money terms, must be reduced by a great economic effort, either by cutting down wages and interest rates, as was done in Germany by decree in the autumn of 1931, or by an efficient discount policy, which raises the cost of credit and lowers prices, or by depreciating the currency. If successful, the output of goods is increased in all three cases, exports to the world markets grow in quantity, and are accompanied by a heavy fall in world market prices. The shock is probably most severe when a policy of currency depreciation has been adopted, which easily leads to competitive currency depreciation by other countries. The debtor country in this case is trying to maintain its standard of living by producing more goods at lower costs, and by consuming and selling them at lower prices.

Both methods of producing an export surplus were followed in Germany under the Dawes Plan. To decrease imports, a protectionist policy, especially for agricultural produce, was devised, and to increase exports, the wholesale rationalisation of German industry was decided upon. A double repercussion followed. Agricultural production in Germany was greatly stimulated. Foreign agricultural countries, unable to sell to Germany, had to intensify their methods of production by lowering costs and by increasing output. All over the world agricultural prices began to fall. Industrial countries, on the other hand, had to protect themselves against the cheapened additional exports of German manufactured goods by tariff raising—and tariff raising again increased industrial production all round. The object of protection is price-raising. It succeeds today by means of cartels and quotas. Home prices can only be maintained by stimulating exports artificially, either by direct and indirect bounties, or again, by currency depreciation. Over-production of goods for the world markets,

agricultural as well as industrial, is thus greatly stimulated on both sides ; prices in the world markets must fall. The weight of the debts is increased ; bankruptcy of the exporting agricultural debtor countries is bound to follow.

For quite a long time these developments were hidden by international private loans. They greatly reduced the amount of goods actually needed for discharging obligations in kind. But they made definite adjustment much more difficult, by counteracting the fall, and in many cases forcing a rise, of prices. Taxation for paying foreign claims, if properly enacted, ought to reduce prices at home ; foreign loans used for expansion of home industries drive them up. But as soon as the flow of these credits is interrupted, the natural forces assert themselves, and prices fall. For some time differences, no longer bridged over by credits, can be paid in gold. When this is done, prices in the gold exporting country ought to fall, if deflation is allowed to take place ; they ought to rise in the gold importing country, where credit expansion ought to follow. For political reasons, neither movement has been allowed full play. The outcome has been the well-known mal-distribution of gold, and ultimately, when political shocks supervened, the sudden withdrawal of credits, such as happened in Germany and in the United Kingdom in 1931.

The German crisis compelled the United States to propose a moratorium on the Young Plan. Without the postponement of the United States claims, Germany's chief European creditor France would not forgo hers. And if the political creditors insisted on being paid, the private creditors, the holders of those loans which had made the payment of reparation debts fairly innocuous, would be the first sufferers. This action, which tardily acknowledged the material connection between debts and reparation, came too late. The German credit system nearly collapsed ; the United Kingdom gave up the gold standard, ushering in the era of competitive currency depreciation in which we live now, and in which it seems paradoxical to insist on the sanctity of debt agreements.

III.

It is essential for the maintenance of the capitalist system

that contracts between debtors and creditors should not be broken. It does not matter very much that Russia has repudiated, for Russia is above, or beyond, or below, capitalist standards. The United Kingdom must not get the reputation of deliberately breaking its engagements. From this point of view it seems a pity that the British Government has not offered another token payment. It would have been up to the United States to refuse it; and their last note shows plainly that they would not have liked to do so. This might have obviated the wild talk about repudiation in the United States, as the willingness to acknowledge the obligation was evident. The United Kingdom probably could afford repudiation. It will scarcely need loans from America, and it need not be frightened of the Johnson Act. And since the deliberate breaking of the Gold Clause the standing of the United States in respect of contract obligations is not good enough to entitle it to moral censorship. But in these days, when all financial obligations are taken very cavalierly, anything which might be construed as repudiation ought to be avoided.

Mere formalism is, however, not sufficient. In the capitalist system the right to profit includes the duty of loss. The capitalist who has financed a bad concern must put up with the loss of his money. He must bow to the fact that an overburdened debtor may be under an *obligation*, but is not in a *position* to pay. Bankruptcy is not fraudulent when claims are beyond capacity to pay.

During the reparation discussions, experts have tried hard to find a handy definition of capacity to pay. Capacity to pay may be said to be unimpaired as long as a government can gather the money needed from its taxpayers by taxing their income, without encroaching on their capital and without forcing them to borrow or to omit necessary replacements or reasonable expansion. They must be able to do this regularly over a long period. As long as this can be done, capacity to pay exists, and it might be said that as long as taxation remains within these limits, transfer abroad might be effected. Such taxation will reduce the taxpayers' consumption, and ultimately force them to a lower standard of living. This will lower prices, and cheapened production would ultimately overcome all foreign

obstacles against imports, short of universal prohibition. The outflow of gold, which might happen, would lead to a stringent bank policy which, in its turn, would attract foreign capital and reduce prices. From an abstract point of view there may be no transfer problem as long as these conditions are fulfilled, and as long as we live in a world which obeys the rules of abstract economics.

Such conditions exist nowhere. Paying taxes in relief of a foreign taxpayer is not a problem of analytical economics. It can be done in a moderate way as long as the consciousness of moral obligations is alive. As time goes on, this consciousness is apt to be blurred. President Wilson was quite right when he insisted that reparation payments must be done with within the lifetime of a single generation; for a generation which is not aware of the circumstances in which the obligation was contracted may not honour the bond its predecessors issued. A nation can make an unheard-of effort during a short time. The French payments of 1871-75, which resulted in the evacuation of French territory, and the payments of Germany during the year 1931, show that clearly enough. Neither the strain of taxation nor of transfer can bear indefinite prolongation.

The Dawes Plan provided a mechanism to test Germany's capacity to pay. Certain sources of income were set aside to provide tax-revenue in marks. This revenue was paid into the hands of a creditor's agent whose duty it was to convert it into foreign currencies. He was to stop these conversions whenever there was danger to the stability of the mark. But he was to retain the revenue and invest it in Germany, until conversion (transfer) could be resumed without any risk to the currency, or until the funds accumulated in Germany surpassed two hundred and fifty million pounds. From this point on taxation was to be remitted; for Germany's capacity to pay was supposed to have been overstepped. (These provisions of the Dawes Plan furnish the prototype on which present-day Germany has elaborated her system of blocked marks.) As payments must never endanger the stability of the currency, the creditor was bound to give a transfer moratorium. The debtor goes on paying the debt, most of which is returned as a loan to his own enterprises. It is a great pity that the Dawes Plan was not allowed to stand long enough to test these automatic provisions.

The fear of a great transfer crisis which would unfavourably affect private loans by American citizens to German enterprises made the United States use its influence in having the Dawes Plan replaced by the Young Plan.

IV.

Stability of currency is no longer considered the best test of economic equilibrium. But from the conflict of opinions certain essential points have clearly emerged. A country which desires stable, and even rising prices, like the United States, must be moderate in its claims on its debtors. The payment and the transfer of considerable sums of money cannot be done without some sort of price depression in the markets of the world. The debtors must either reduce their cost of production and their price level by non-monetary means, or they must do so by currency depreciation. The depreciation of one currency is equivalent to the appreciation of another. The United States has been bent on currency depreciation ; it has started an exchange fund, not so much with the object of preventing violent seasonal fluctuation as by way of defence against the currency measures of other countries. It imagines that other countries, like Great Britain, desire to use their own exchange fund for exchange manipulations, in order to depreciate their national currency. If England were to pay her full debt to the United States, it could not be done without reducing British prices, or at least the prices of British goods, on the world markets. Under a manipulated currency, price depression will be accomplished by currency depreciation. The United States exchange fund can easily prevent a rise of the dollar in relation to sterling. It can always sell dollars and make it less lucrative for British exporters to sell goods in the world market in depreciated sterling. But by doing so it cannot secure payment of inter-Allied debts. It can only make it more difficult and plunge the world into the chaos of competitive currency depreciation. It is paradoxical to insist on the payment of political debts in order to keep contracts inviolate and to maintain confidence in the punctual fulfilment of particular obligations, if systematic currency fluctuation and systematic undermining of confidence all over the world are resorted to in order to accomplish it.

The United States has entered upon a policy of safeguarding debtors' interests, without much discrimination. It has reduced debt burdens by more or less collective bankruptcy measures in order to avoid difficulties at home. Are the debts with which the world has been burdened by the war, and by foolish expansion after the war, of greater sanctity than farmers' debts, or United States gold obligations?

As in other cases, a settlement is needed between debtor and creditor, and it must be made without destroying the basis of credit and of confidence, but without undermining too the basis of international co-operation. As long as the settlement of the inter-Allied debt question is deferred, there is always the danger that somebody may start the reparation question again, which has only been buried conditionally. Neither demands nor negotiations will produce another penny from Germany; but they scarcely would improve the world situation. But for the foolish reparation settlement, the political development of Germany would have been very different from what it has come to be. There are no more dangerous links between nations than unwieldy international debts. Liquidation ought not to be allowed to stand over too long and prevent the world from making a new start.

This can only be accomplished by sacrifices on both sides, and not by trusting to clever tricks. Payments in kind, the latest American proposal, can facilitate transfers, as German experience has shown, if they are made as "additional exports." To offer commodities like rubber or tin to the United States, which they can buy in the markets at the same price and in the quantities needed, does not solve the problem. The British Government need not buy dollar bills, if transfer of these goods is made in kind, but, as the American consumers would not have to pay for them abroad, they would not offer sterling bills. Payments in kind are of use only if they are payments in goods which otherwise would not be accepted. They cannot be offered without a corresponding sacrifice on the part of the debtor country's taxpayer. If he is not willing to make it, discussions on payment in kind will be abortive. But as the scope for payments in kind is rather narrow, if limited to additional exports, there is a chance for sober compromise.

FLIGHT FROM CALCUTTA

BY PHILIP JORDAN

WE left the city an hour before dawn, and on our way to Dum Dum flying field, the exiguous air port of Calcutta, stopped only to pick up the first edition of *The Statesman*, India's most famous newspaper. The streets were already filling: shivering and barefooted workers, their pallid skins shining through the rags in which they were enveloped, shambled between the high walls of Calcutta's commercial palaces. They were all silent: intent upon rubbing the sleep from their eyes and upon keeping their under-nourished bodies warm, they walked like men who were dreaming of unhappy things. In the chill morning, that was so soon to give place to a noon of overpowering heat, the city looked and felt like Marseilles. Tall houses with green jalousies lined the streets through which we drove. In the lamplight we could only see the crude primary colours of carelessly hung posters, and because we moved swiftly past them their purport was lost. Many were hung, as in France, upon cylindrical kiosks erected solely for the purpose of displaying them. At open corners, across which the wind blew, we could smell the remote sea; and had we not constantly met bullock carts, loaded with produce for the markets, the illusion of a Mediterranean littoral would have been complete.

It was already light when we reached the flying field, which was smothered with the most brilliant dew I had ever seen. It was deserted, and the only signs of life were the sleeping petrol attendant, rolled in a blanket, and a white rice-bird, like a small heron, which had no business to be scavenging on such solid ground. The superstitious manager of the Koninklyke Luchtvaart Maatschappij, who had driven with me from Calcutta, said that it was a good omen to see that bird, for the Dutch aeroplane which was to take me home was called the "Rijstvogel"; and he took the trouble to translate the name as "rice-bird".

Wireless telegraph messages arrived every few minutes to say that the machine, which had been the victim of ill-luck ever since it had left Batavia, was rapidly approaching Calcutta ; and I was assured that we should leave for England before seven o'clock.

At six-thirty the Indian Air Services liner for Dacca was wheeled out of its hangar, and two passengers climbed into its gleaming fuselage. The pilots wore sun-helmets. Ten minutes later it was circling the field, and disappeared towards the north-east. Its departure awoke the still sleeping field from a long night. Several small machines belonging to members of the Bengal Flying Club left the ground and engaged in aerobatic contests. It was their pilots' form of early morning exercise.

Shortly before seven, when the dew had gone, the K.L.M. manager came out to tell me that the " Rijstvogel " would land within the next five minutes. It arrived on time, flying low over coconut palms as I had seen it hundreds of times in those seductive photographs which illustrate the windows of international tourist agencies ; and as it flew, droning gently, low over our heads, the stark and exciting words : " Java-Amsterdam " were visible upon the bright blue floor of its immense body. It hit a bump on landing, and the tail wheel and rudder were smashed. Despite the adequately expressed belief of the three hysterical Americans who climbed out when the machine came to rest, that the pilot was incompetent, it was an accident that might have happened to anybody.

We drove back to Calcutta, as deflated as the tail wheel of our monoplane, and there we spent one of those days which, because we had made other plans for it, seemed like a boring and quite gratuitous addition to life which we should have preferred to do without. Our suit cases were packed and our money had been transformed into travellers' cheques, those dull and hideous slips of paper that give no indications of the miracles they are able to perform. To unpack the former and transmute one of the latter was a necessary work performed with grudging regret. It was a Saturday, and in the afternoon the bookshops which we had ransacked that morning were closed, so that there was nothing to be done but to pay a visit to the races, where even the winning of a " tote double " that paid three hundred rupees for

five, was no compensation for a day that had been entirely without meaning.

At length it closed, and at five o'clock the next morning we were called. Two hours later we were in the air. Far away to our left flat Calcutta lay in a thin nightgown of mist that it would discard almost as soon as we were out of sight. It was cool and pleasant in the still air, and in that flying home that was to be ours for at least five days, we felt an immediate intimacy that is known nowhere else. There were but three passengers now, a Dutch banker who read a book by Mr. Phillips Oppenheim more slowly than any thriller can ever have been read before, the only one of the three hysterical Americans who retained sufficient courage to continue his flight, and myself. The two pilots, perched high in their cabin ahead of us, were munching thick sandwiches, but the mechanic, who had worked unceasingly for twenty-four hours on the rudder and tail wheel, was stretched out on a long chair and was fast asleep. The wireless operator, whom we somewhat unkindly nicknamed Van der Lubbe, was experimenting with a short-wave wireless set, by means of which he was already in touch with Amsterdam.

The prospect of a flight that would last five days had seemed an excellent opportunity to read books for which, in London, there is never sufficient time; so I opened my bag and poured volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Rousseau's *Confessions* on to my table, only to be later convinced that a railway journey to Peking will be necessary to finish the former.

We flew over sandy and arid wastes, so devoid of habitations that the myriad tracks that lay across them must have been made by tireless animals in search of water. From the air it looked as though a multitude of crazy bicyclists had once been condemned to ride there in perpetuity, but that this sentence had been remitted only a short while before our arrival. Occasionally we crossed a river, and, all too frequently, wide forests whose presence caused us to sway and bump in the disturbed air that nearly always lies above them. It became desperately rough, and shortly before noon I was glad to catch sight of the Allahabad flying field beneath our port engine.

We turned and sank towards it. The chief pilot shut the throttles of his three engines, and a silence that was almost

tangible filled the cabin. In flying there is no more startling moment than that. No amount of aerial travel ever accustoms the passenger to that sudden break in a perpetual roar, for it is precisely the unexpected silence which recalls the fact that for the last few hours one has lived peacefully in the very epicentrum of incalculable sound, and has remained unaware of it. I know of only one physical experience which is comparable with it, and that, almost the precise contrast, is to stand upon the quiet bridge of a battleship knowing that in less than a second a salvo of fifteen-inch guns is to be fired from the decks beneath.

At Allahabad we drank ginger beer and filled the monoplane's wings with petrol. A quarter of an hour later we were on our way to Jodhpur. The mechanic served us with lunch: cold meat, salad, cheese and hot coffee, which we devoured thankfully as a talisman against air sickness, for it was still rougher than I had ever known before. All afternoon the rocks beneath us were black as though they had burned furiously for immemorial years. For the most part they had been purged of trees, and only occasional strips of vivid green plush, brighter than new billiard tables, marked a human dwelling place, for they were rice fields coming to maturity. There were so few of them that the landscape soon became intolerably wicked to look upon. I adjusted my chair until it was almost as flat as a comfortable bed, and slept. We reached Jodhpur at five in the evening. Our first day's travel was finished, and it had been none too pleasant. That we were not to experience a moment of roughness for the rest of the journey we did not then know.

Smart American cars drove us from the flying field to a hotel whose garden, filled with hollyhocks and snapdragons, and with a bright green lawn in its centre, seemed out of place in the middle of the huge desert over which we had flown all day. It belonged to the Maharajah, and was furnished with all the distasteful modernity and lack of craftsmanship which characterises the greater part of the Tottenham Court Road: its dining room, indeed, looked pathetically like the displayed advertisement of a hire-purchase furnisher who has long convinced himself and almost everybody else that his only interest is the discomfort of his customer. After the splendid beauty of our

monoplane, where every fitting had a meaning and a function, the hotel was tawdry. But the baths were hot and the food was excellent.

We hired a taxi and drove into the walled city. Its highest battlement was flushed with the edge of a tall precipice, and its streets, just wide enough for an elephant to pass, were lined with the turbulent faces of men and women who, on that one day in the year, come out together in the evening to watch a procession celebrating the fertility of women. We abandoned our car—now become an impediment to progress—and walked through the crowded streets. The shops were ablaze. In almost every one of them cheap American alarm clocks made a formidable display. They rang so often and, in the still air, so loudly that they drowned the incessant chatter of the crowds, now aligned on the steps of houses and of shops. A courteous cobbler invited us to use his shop as a grand stand: he was too busy to worry about a procession which he had seen every twelve months for more years than he cared to remember.

Led by an illuminated zinc peacock in two dimensions, the procession arrived late. In its wake came the painted elephants and the dust-coloured infantry of the rajah, followed by a string of superb and glossy horses, all maintained by the taxes which this penurious multitude was called upon to pay. Between two contingents of cavalry marched the unveiled prostitutes of the town, heavy with beaten gold. Then more illuminated birds: on each plume of their zinc wings a naphtha flare swayed gently. Above us was the full moon, and here before our eyes was a procession of immemorial age. Had we thought that an aeroplane was waiting for us two miles away we should have had some difficulty in believing it.

But it was. We started before dawn, long green flames leaping from our exhaust pipes, our cylinder heads glowing a dull red. Below us the street lamps of Jodhpur were like small necklaces; and in their feeble light the mountain fortress, vivid with colour when we had first seen it, was now a monstrous shadow, blacker than the sky from which the moon had gone.

At Karachi more petrol and more ginger beer. A gaunt latticed tower stood rusting at the far end of the field: it was the lonely mooring mast which had been built to hold fast the

"R.101" at the end of its first perilous journey. No one goes near it now, as no one went near it then. We circled over it when we left, and then forgot it. Half an hour later British India was behind us, and I do not believe that any of us were sorry.

For the rest of the day we flew over the sea, along the edge of a barren and inhospitable coast. Below us gigantic horned flat fish basked beneath the surface of a pellucid sea. We opened the windows to take photographs of them, well aware, I think, that in the finished positive they would never be apparent. From time to time a spit of flat land shot out under us to end in jagged rocks. Sheltering under their lee were sandy villages that appeared to have no economic justification. No faces were lifted to greet us, and it struck me then that so common has the air mail become in the lives of those impoverished fishermen, who have probably never seen a train, that civilization's latest revolution, the aeroplane, is more familiar to them than it is to the inhabitants of Manchester or of Edinburgh.

Occasionally the sea would be streaked for miles with strips of vivid ochre that must have been iodine: they lay like plumes on the surface of a water so everlastingly still that it might have been ice, so warm that it shimmered beneath its veil of heat.

We spent that night at Jask, on a bare and flaccid peninsula that commands the entrance to the Persian Gulf. We could see the domains of the Sultan of Muscat as we flew in, like enchanted glass rocks far over the water: how enticing they looked when compared with the hamlet towards whose levelled ground we were now rapidly sinking—but then, how enticing Jask had looked when seen from the distance. When my British passport appeared I was subjected to a customs examination more thorough and more uncivil than that of my fellow travellers, none of whom could boast my unpopular nationality, none of whom could boast a share in the oil concessions of that dry and arrogant country. It was a salutary experience after the cringing and imposed servility of India!

There is no hotel at Jask. What appears to be its only habitable dwelling place is a bungalow belonging to the K.L.M. where we were to stay the night. We sat on the veranda waiting impatiently for the arrival of the Java mail, whose path was to cross ours at

that point. It arrived shortly before dusk, flying low over the water so that it was silhouetted against the crimson sky. Once more I saw the words : " Java-Amsterdam " on the blue fuselage, and seeing them again made me realise how minute the world has now become. Had I known that before I was to reach London I should have a more shocking illustration of this fact I might have paid less attention to those words and thought less of them than I did then. We sat under stars as bright as candles, and drank Dutch gin until well after midnight, for our meeting with the other aeroplane had, for us at any rate, something of a " Stanley-Livingstone " feeling about it, although we differed from them in that there was no champagne but plenty of gaiety.

We were in the air before five o'clock the next morning, and day did not break until we were well up the Persian Gulf and on our way to Baghdad. I was so impatient to see that legendary and fabulous city that I did not sleep long that morning, although I knew that we were not due to arrive until the early afternoon. Every mile or so up the Gulf small fishing villages baked in the sun, and from where we were I could see the nets spread out to take the morning's catch. Equally I could see shoals of fish that lay static beneath the surface, and I wanted to call out and tell the fishermen beneath precisely where to place their boats if they were anxious to make a haul. How they lived it was impossible to discover, for from Jask to Bushire there was no sign of cultivation beyond a few date palms, arranged like soldiers in dingy green helmets that had been tortured by the wind.

Bushire is a soft aerodrome at the north end of the Gulf. It was here that a soldier on the make confiscated my camera, because it was not bound in wire and sealed with the arms of Riza Khan in such a manner as to make it impossible to use. It cost very little to get it back, although the partly exposed roll inside it is now, doubtless, a permanent exhibit in the offices of the secret service at Teheran.

How interminable that wait seemed. Baghdad, whose name more than any other evoked for me sublime images that were almost palpable, was only a few hours away, and here we were, wasting the daylight and filling our gigantic tanks with a reserve of petrol that we should probably not require. But eventually

that wait came to an end, and in an hour's time we were flying above the mouths of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Endless marsh land, peopled only by scraggy birds, stretched on all sides of us : the living rivers had split into a thousand streams, and each stream into a million puddles. When at length the rivers themselves emerged from the fen we could see them for miles, winding and twisting, apparently quite unnecessarily, across green plains that were as flat as a mantelpiece. It seemed that they would have found it easier to travel straight. It was the first green land I had seen since leaving the high tea gardens of Ceylon, some ten days earlier, and, from the air, was so like England seen through a magnifying glass that it induced an acute nostalgia and a desire to be home before the spring was over. How desolate it was, though. There were a few scattered villages, and it was only innumerable flocks of goats which became panic-stricken when our shadow passed over them that indicated life of any kind. Indeed, so strange a desolation hung over that rich alluvial land that it seemed almost as though we were flying across a lunar planet of whose precise nature and structure we were totally unaware. When we passed over a sailing boat moving so slowly that it left no wake, the illusion was gone.

A chain of football grounds announced the wonder city of Baghdad. Football grounds gave way to a power station and to high voltage transmission cables of gigantic size. Long roads, at whose intersections equestrian statues were an epidemic, flung themselves into a city that was the colour of something which has lived long under the sea. It was pale and grey and looked blind, a Paris made of mud and devoid either of dignity or green trees. The sluggish Tigris wandered across it, and on its banks pretentious hotels advertised their imported American attractions. No Haroun has ever trodden its macadam streets ; its Scheherazade is a loudspeaker tuned in to the studios of the western world. Its aerodrome was an efficient copy of Croydon, and the meal which was placed before us bore all the imprints of British culinary culture—tough chops, half-boiled carrots and Empire Cheddar cheese. By a country's food shall ye know its true rulers.

I was not sorry to leave. We had started a day late and it

was here that the pilot decided to begin making up for lost time. We were bundled back into the aeroplane, and flew some three hundred miles into the desert. Flat sand lay underneath us all the way, and its monotony would occasionally be broken by more herds of goats, but we saw no road and no houses until we reached our destination, Rutbah Wells.

Rutbah is one of those fortresses made infamous in this country by American film versions of life in the Foreign Legion. It stood quite alone, three hundred miles from the nearest house, three hundred miles from the next water supply. No roads connected it with any centre or any town ; no telegraph either. Seen from the air it was a lonelier place than one could have imagined in one's most misanthropic mood. Yet it was here that I found one of my oldest friends, whom I believed at that moment to be in London. He was there for what in all probability will be the one hour of his life that he will ever be there ; I in exactly the same position, except that he was going east on a world tour for a London Sunday newspaper, and I was going west. It is impossible to convey the sense of shock which that meeting produced in us, for we had both been so cut off from the usual round of life for what now seemed centuries, that it took several minutes to adjust ourselves to a sudden return to what he had left behind and what I was going back to. I think we both laughed. I know that the bottle of beer we drank to celebrate that moment cost us twelve shillings. At nine o'clock in the evening my friend left for Baghdad in the giant motor omnibus that had brought him from the port of Haifa in Palestine. Its chauffeurs were a White Russian and an Australian, both of whom drove without compasses over a desert without roads, and drove all through the night. Besides my friend, it carried a Polish girl going to fulfil a concert engagement in several Iraqi and Persian cities, a Canadian welder and half a dozen travelling salesmen. The ferocious sentries, who idled perpetually about the fort, and I said good-bye to them with regret.

At dawn next morning we were already flying over Palestine, where the desert eventually starts rippling and then gradually gives way to green humps of fields and to thriving white cities, on whose edges we could see signs of considerable building

activity. Far away on our right were snow-capped mountains, rosy in the early sunlight. They seemed to have no connection with the earth which still lay under a heavy mist. Suddenly the ground fell away from us, and there, stretching into the folds of a thicker mist, lay the Dead Sea. Below us was the Jordan, a miserable stream, winding as best it could between high and weather-beaten rocks. It was strange to see these places with whose names one had been familiar all one's life in such a particularly intimate way. There they all were, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and even Jericho, and although it was easy to pick them from the map, it required the assurance of the pilot that they were indeed those cities before one could really believe that, in fact, they did exist and that, in fact, we were pursuing our shadow across their flat roofs.

We breakfasted at Gaza, on the edge of the Mediterranean, and less than two hours later had crossed the Suez Canal at a height of three thousand feet, and were in Cairo. We changed a passenger here. The young American left us to catch the New York boat, and a Dutch postal official took his place. Although we were scheduled to remain here for the night our chief pilot decided that it was now time finally to make up for the day which we had lost in Calcutta ; and he announced that we were to leave for Athens immediately.

A strong wind was blowing, so strong that the baby aeroplanes which belonged to the more opulent members of the British community were landing at almost full speed in its teeth. The Company's flag, hoisted in our honour on a staff not twelve feet high, flapped with the noise of incessant rifles. The air was full of sand. We mounted quickly, turned, and leaving Cairo on our left made for Mersa Matruh, the ultimate end of the East. In seven hours we should be in Europe.

Far away, beyond the end of the white city, I could see through the haze, what looked like a triangular door cut into the sky. It was a symmetrical shadow, jet black with indeterminate edges, and was so obviously the entrance to tenebrous and eternal shades that I asked the pilot what it was. It was the north side of the Great Pyramid.

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The houses died away from under us, rich green fields pushed their salients into the desert, became sparser and finally were no

more. It was hotter than it had been since we left Calcutta, and I slept, only to be awakened by the sudden silence that marked our arrival at Mersa Matruh, surely the bumpiest flying field in the world. While we were filling the tanks with petrol I took a long walk across the rutted and weedy ground—next time my feet touched the soil they would feel under them the enchanted carpet of Greece; and Africa and Asia would be behind me as were so many other pleasant and unpleasant things of life. I tried to decide into which of the two pigeon holes I would put them, but I knew that this flight, which had justifiably earned the title of “the experience of a life-time”, would force them into the former. And it was almost with regret that I climbed into the “Rijstvogel”. We were getting perilously near the end. Like a child sucking a stick of barley sugar I wanted to postpone the moment when only the taste would remain upon my palate.

We left the land behind us almost immediately and flew above a sea so blue that it could only have been adequately illustrated in a series of crude picture postcards, or properly compared with the armour of a rare beetle. As we progressed north its colour changed; the violences of Asia gave way to the calm and intoxicating tenderness of Grecian seas. We marked our passing from one continent to another, not by the peoples or the fertility of the land, but by the unbroken sea. It was the most wonderful afternoon I have ever spent in my life.

As we were approaching Crete the pilot beckoned me into his cockpit, and handed over the controls to me. My feet on an aluminium bar, my hand on a wheel whose column was pivoted, I drove the ship through a clear sky, but through a sky so exquisitely ordered that it draped the islands below us in a sublime and innocent haze. Over the extreme tip of Crete I banked and shifted our course several degrees to the east. There was no violence in our movement; although we were travelling at far more than one hundred miles every hour we moved with less effort than the small coastal steamers beneath us that were calling at islands whose amethystine rocks appeared to be made of cotton wool, and whose smoky green folds were velvet of a shade I had never seen before. Had we carried parachutes I

think I should have asked if I might float down into Polygandros, which, from the air, gave precisely that impression of sleepy joy for which one has hopefully scoured Europe but which still remains to be tasted. White villas, vineyards, sandy beaches and no living person visible to disturb the peace ; no ripple even to mark where the cliffs of Polygandros sank into the sea.

And then Athens. We crossed the edge of the city, peered over the shoulder of the Acropolis at the Piræus beyond, and landed on a long narrow field, bordered with vines and cypress trees. It was the first green aerodrome on which we had landed. A parsimonious gentleman drove us into the city and to the Hotel Grande Bretagne—parsimonious because he switched off his engine whenever the ground was flat enough for us to make a hundred yards on the impetus of a previous twenty miles an hour. In our faded and historic hotel, distinguished by the diversity of its nickel-plated plumbing and the multiplicity of its electric light switches, I had the first real bath since leaving India. I got as much pleasure from it as from finding that I could manipulate the lights in my room from no less than four different places. The lift indicator was nearly as long and as exciting as a novel by Edgar Wallace, but so slowly did it move that I preferred to walk down six flights in order to be sure of reaching the Acropolis before the sun went down. My companion was the Dutch postal official, who, by repeating a list of geographical names, assured our taxi driver that he could speak every European language except Greek, but it was nevertheless I who was compelled to talk to him in French. We reached the Parthenon only three minutes before it was closed for the night, but it was worth having made that hurried climb to see, fading before the sun, one of the very few really complete and satisfactory triumphs of mind over matter that the world has ever seen. There was no passion in this architecture ; it was an intellectual pleasure so far removed from the Gothic riots of the north and from the depravities of the east, that it was like a complicated and varying formula in three dimensions which is "so easy when you know how". My companion informed me with hollow glee that in two hundred years the powerful fumes from the Piræus gas works

will have destroyed the Parthenon, and that only dust will mark where its fluid beauty now stands.

When we drove out to the aerodrome next morning I looked at the hill, a shade blacker than the night, but for all that I could see the Parthenon might have gone already. As we were leaving our hotel a tipsy gentleman returned from a night club, and muttered *salauds* every time he caught sight of us from the corners of his twisted eyes ; but we liked him, for his debauched air gave us an unusual and undeserved sense of moral rectitude. In every street night-cabarets were discharging their guests, and the air was hideous with the bark of motor horns, all of which were being blown quite unnecessarily. Four soldiers stopped us on our way, more, it seemed, for the pleasure of a long conversation with our driver than for the purpose of checking our business. On the aerodrome, a line of huge flares already marked the road into the wind, and a quarter of an hour later they were like weak candles far below us. We turned, flew over the city and they were lost to sight. When the sun came up behind us we were flying along the Gulf of Corinth. Below us was a strip of inland sea, and on either side snow-covered mountains filled the horizon ; to see their tops we had to look upwards. Beneath our wings lay history. Lepanto and Patras I picked up from the map, but Missolonghi, to my lasting regret, I missed. Then more open sea ; and eventually the heel of Italy. I could relax now ; I felt that I was home. I slept. When I awoke and peered over the side I could see Capri below us ; its Faraglioni, around which I could not remember how many times I had swum, were minute and powerless from a great height, but the hanging town itself was as beautiful and as exquisite from up above as it is when one first steps from the funicular and breathes the air of its ridiculous piazza.

We spurned Naples, and made direct for Rome. It was raining now. Across the drained and dreary marshes of Ostia, drilled with long white roads that die suddenly in the fens, the capital rose into our vision, ringed with aerodromes and high-voltage cables. Athens is a white city, but Rome is yellow ochre. We crossed it in a few minutes and landed on the far side of the yellow Tiber, to find ourselves surrounded by a horde of officials, all of whom wore different uniforms. We

might have arrived at a waxworks show. When I stepped into the cold air, I realized with horror that not only had we been in Rome and Athens on the same day, but that we had been in them the same morning. I say horror, because it is only those who have experienced that shocking transit who can realize to what minute proportions the world has been reduced. But that was not all. Speed was in our pilot's blood now, and he announced that he was going to try and make Amsterdam that night, calling at Marseilles on the way! If we could do that, the future of civilization was a quantity even more unknown than stay-at-home theoreticians could imagine. How true then became that hackneyed phrase about "the annihilation of time and space"!

But the pilot proved to have been optimistic; we were not to reach Holland till the morrow. Storms and thick clouds barred our way, and we climbed above them to 10,000 feet, then when they too rose, came down in silence until we were not more than 500 feet above the island of Monte Christo, a charred green rock at which I would have liked to stare for more than the few seconds it took us to cross it.

After Corsica the air grew clear; and opposite Cannes we met the Amsterdam-Java mail which had left Holland early that morning. We came into France over the village of St. Tropez, where I had once lived for two years. To see it from the air, to recognize its cafés and the houses of friends who were quite unaware that it was at me they were looking, gave me for the first time a real sense of isolation and of impotence; and I, who have so badly neglected them, wanted then desperately to communicate with them. To avoid the forbidden zone around Toulon, we cut inland, and for an hour flew over a living and permanent exhibition of Cézanne canvases; red sand, dark olive trees, hills and the warm glow of Latin houses, all composed with the serene perfection of the master. How dreary after that was the desolate field at Marseilles where we landed almost simultaneously with a Luft-Hansa machine, on whose gleaming and corrugated body arrogant black swastikas had been freely littered by inartistic hands.

The weather reports were bad, but we went up the Rhone valley to Dijon, whose wide military aerodrome was dotted with

wondering and untidy conscripts waiting to push our monoplane into an empty hangar. I replenished my store of unread books and later we, who had breakfasted that morning in Athens, dined in the very centre of gastronomy's capital city. Fine Burgundy, the first I had tasted since leaving Europe three months earlier, was finer and richer than it had ever been before ; but what really enchanted my palate was the renewed taste of good bread, for it was, I now discovered, that very taste which I had missed since my departure from England. With what pleasure, too, did I see a faint frost on the ground next morning as we drove out of the city. The roads were lined with bare trees whose buds were just opening. All these things I had forgotten, all of them came back with a serene poignancy more beautiful than I had thought would ever be possible. I could not believe that when leaving them behind me I had omitted to note their disappearance, and that I had been interested in things unknown rather than in pleasures which I took for granted. True nostalgia is a longing for something forgotten, not for something left behind and remembered always.

We were in Amsterdam at nine that morning, and only the sight of Brussels, black and riven with railway lines, made me realize that my part of Europe was not all frost and opening trees, but was grim and hard as well.

We all said "good-bye" with regret, but with no delays ; our companionship of five days had been close, but superficial ; and now that the journey was over there were other things to be done. The "Rijstvogel" was wheeled away, its long journey over. Even the pilots did not watch it go. I had boiled salmon and cheese for breakfast while waiting for the London mail ; and a few hours later was at Croydon. I could not believe that just over four days earlier I had seen Calcutta, that yesterday I had seen Athens, and only the day before yesterday had been in Asia. For that reason the only real answer to my wife's question as to whether I had enjoyed my flight—to me so powerful a stimulant, so superb a gratification and so unrepeatable and enviable an experience, seemed to be the one I gave her : "Oh, it was all right, you know."

At that moment there was nothing else to be said.

POLITICS IN TRANSITION

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

IN his penetrating if somewhat perverse study of *Government in Transition*,* Lord Eustace Percy calls attention to the paradoxical situation which domestic politics now reveal. The prestige and popular appeal of the "National" Government have noticeably diminished; yet "the alliance between different schools of political thought that brought it into being has become quietly and steadily stronger"—and this in spite of the Liberal secession. It is not just a question of personnel. The fact that men with pre-war minds are vainly trying to grapple with post-war problems has certainly not escaped censure. But, with the single exception of Mr. Walter Elliot, no younger politician has emerged from the ruck to warrant the hope that the next National Government will be any improvement. The serious press does its best for Mr. MacDonald and his associates. But one has only to go about a bit, or visit a news-reel cinema theatre, to realise how low their stock has fallen.

As regards foreign policy, a matter on which the ordinary man and woman feels particularly strongly—well, Sir John Simon is not exactly popular. By a complacent and sanctimonious manner, it is true, he has brought upon his own head a resentment which, strictly speaking, should be directed at the whole Cabinet. I do not propose to discuss here the Government's shortcomings in this field. But, as Mr. MacDonald himself fully realizes, disappointment with the Government's record at Geneva is playing a big part in the revulsion of feeling against the saviours of 1931. It is scarcely likely, nevertheless, that the Labour Party can, as it did in 1929, capitalize this discontent with a Cabinet which has hopelessly bungled British relations with France *and* with America, because on the peace

* *Government in Transition*, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy. (Methuen.)

question it is itself so divided. Indeed, aside from any question of foreign policy, by-election results certainly do not justify the assumption that Labour is sweeping the country. They only attest the general disillusionment, expressing itself more often than not in a poll of barely forty per cent. of the electorate.

The notion of a political synthesis and of a government that *can* govern, precisely because it is not manacled by ancient dogmas or party programmes, has taken deep root in that subconscious where the Englishmen keeps his political nous. The hungry sheep of this new revolutionary era in which we live—for, as the Prime Minister himself has observed and Mr. Walter Elliot underlined in a recent broadcast, the revolution is in progress here as much as in any other country—look up and are fed with scraps from a political *olla podrida* which might have been concocted at any time during the last twenty or thirty years. Not having any sufficient motive at present for changing its rulers, the long-suffering British public is really beginning to despair. The more intellectual and revolution-conscious expatriate on the amenities of the Moscow road, without, however, any positive suggestion as to how the main body of confirmed individualists is to be marched up it. The “hearties” and the disgruntled party men are rallying to the pinchbeck leadership of Sir Oswald Mosley, the one political paladin who deliberately sets out to “record” the sympathy of a generation eager to address themselves to the task of constructing a twentieth-century cosmos. As Lord Eustace Percy says, “there is a popular demand for active government almost for its own sake”. And Sir Herbert Samuel, too, echoes this sentiment: “The country is clamouring for leadership, definite, constructive leadership . . . leaders must lead and not be supine.” Indeed, if the charge popularly levelled against the National Government (rightly or wrongly) had to be summed up in one word, it would be that of being “supine”. Whatever an older generation may think, the mass of the people nowadays do *not* take their political opinions from the newspapers, still faithfully recording an age that is past. The B.B.C. has done a great deal to “educate our masters”, the crisis still more. Consequently, among the more impatient, the wurzel-flummery of Fascism, yes, and even the patronage of our latter-day Warwick, Lord Rothermere

(who used to call himself a Liberal), is forgiven to a man who, like Sir Oswald, though suckled in the old traditions, contrives to clothe them in the new "revolutionary" idiom.

Meanwhile the National Government, stung by Sir Herbert Samuel's gibe that they were meeting Blackshirts with night-shirts, is manifestly casting about for some means of attracting the great mass of sober and respectable citizens who deplore present-day extremism. First of all, there was the National Labour Committee's luncheon at the Trocadero to celebrate two years of National Government, with its invocation of the household gods of Englishmen: "At this moment we are the sole guardians of that form of constitutional democracy which took its rise in this country", etc., and its plain intimation that the expedient of 1931 was now intended to be the ground-plan of a new political edifice; then the motion of Commander O. Locker-Lampson designed to forbid the wearing of uniform, etc., to indicate political opinions, for which the Government would dearly love to have taken credit had it not been so promptly smothered in an unrehearsed parliamentary scene. Finally, in desperation the National Government has resorted to advertising its own merits by poster and placard, as was promised at the National Labour luncheon—a method which will hardly commend itself to a generation inoculated against the advertising virus. Moreover, the actual achievements of the National Government are not in question. It is their capacity for exploring new country, for "speeding up their thinking to the precipitate rhythm of the age", in Professor Zimmern's words, which is doubted.

The first result, of course, of the slump in National Government stock has been to revive the drooping spirits of the party zealots. Good Conservatives are straining at the leash and preparing once again to demand Mr. Baldwin's head on a charger. Sir Henry Page Croft, at Bournemouth, talks of "losing the substance of a great Conservative majority for the shadow of so-called 'national' unity". Actually the recognized Conservative leaders—apart from Mr. Baldwin—continue to speak a language which is dead. And so long as they do so their party is likely to suffer much the same fate as the old Conservative groups in Germany. Labour enthusiasts, on their side, are

confidently assuming that the dear old swing of the pendulum and a proper respect for parliamentary democracy will in due course bring "the Party of Progress" into office, and even power—if only the egregious Sir Stafford Cripps can be smothered. Even the Liberals are taking heart. Sir Herbert Samuel, at Newcastle, announces that the party intends to put at least four hundred candidates in the field at the next general election!

Writing in this Review last October, I sought to show that the *Labour Party*, as such, has shot its bolt. To place emphasis on a class basis, whether it be the sentimental working-class appeal of a Maxton, or the Marxian affectations of your intellectual Socialist, is to forfeit the chance of an effective parliamentary majority. Yet the Labour Party is now hopelessly committed to just that course. Sir Stafford Cripps's guileless attempt to win over the great body of non-partisan voters who really decide elections, is doomed to frustration, not because of his bold claim for emergency powers, not even by reason of his thorough-going programme (Sir John Simon, when he echoes his great Liberal forbear: "We are all Socialists now", is very much nearer the truth than the Attorney-General seeking to obtain kudos for the National Government by defining its primary objective as the combating of Socialism), but because his Socialist League, too, is patently a prisoner of out-worn political dogma and class-war claptrap, which has really never established itself in the Englishman's political consciousness. The "nationalization of the banks" is a case in point. The authors of successive Socialist programmes seem to be incapable of appreciating the distinction between administration and policy. No one in his senses questions the fact that, as administrators, the directing heads of the British banking system have no equal in the world. But, on the other hand, there is an increasing number of people who are convinced that the policy being administered is one which is totally unsuited to the particular needs of the present age. Mr. F. C. Clegg, President of the Bank Officers' Guild, would appear to be referring to a prospective socialization of credit when he stated in his recent address to members that "banking control is coming, not as a political stunt . . .", but as an inevitable adjustment of society to "the dire needs of an industrial world in chaos". What finally excludes the possibility of the Socialist

League leading a Labour Party to victory at the polls is the doctrinaire character of its proposals, most of all perhaps the phrase about workers' control, which was introduced at the Leeds conference as a deliberate challenge to the common-sense views of Mr. Herbert Morrison and the more experienced party leaders.

It is on the strength of the undying British dislike for snap formulæ that the Liberal Party continues to stake its claim to be the authentic Left alternative to the present Government. Arguing that the Cripps-Cole bid for dictatorship (as the situation is presented in the "bourgeois" press) has already alienated the majority of the liberal minded who, in 1929, voted for Labour as being the more up-to-date progressive party, Sir Herbert Samuel and his lieutenants are now quite seriously bidding for the succession. The idea may be summarily dismissed by *The Times* as "magnificent, but not sensible". There it is, however, and consequently the programme of policy outlined in the Liberal Party's "address to all progressive-minded men and women" should be briefly considered. There is, first of all, the *obligato* emphasis on liberty, and the basic premise that the State exists for the individual and not *vice versa*. It is doubtful, however, whether this attempt to capture the prevailing anti-Fascist sentiment will really gain a single vote for the Liberal Party. The peculiar English brand of liberalism, with its ingrained respect for human life, law and institutions, has ever transcended party bounds. Mr. R. A. Skelton, protesting against *The Times'* prognostic as to the ultimate extinction of the Liberal Party, uses this as a justification for the Party to save the country from alternating periods of "herd instincts and class interests". Lord Lothian, in his pamphlet, *Liberalism in the Modern World*,* frankly admits that herein lies the great weakness of the Party.

In its demands for reform of certain manifest defects of the industrial system, and in its proposals for industrial and works councils in each organized industry, an element of profit-sharing, a minimum wage enforceable by law, etc., the Liberal Party programme continues along the lines laid down in the Yellow Book. Land settlement and national development are also

* *Liberalism in the Modern World*, by the Marquis of Lothian, C.H. (Lovat Dickson.)

among the goods in the shop-window. But the god of Liberalism is a jealous god, and we are reminded that any development projects must be governed by financial conditions. Indeed, "retrenchment" is seen to be queering the pitch for "reform" throughout the programme—e.g., "the scope for social action is vast . . . its pace must be determined by finance".

What kind of appeal indeed can this liberalism have to that younger generation, sick of party slogans, and impatient of the whole bag o' tricks, of the economics of scarcity which, I repeat, now constitutes the decisive factor at the polls? On the question of monetary reform which, together with that of war or peace, is the crucial issue of our times, all that the Liberal programme has to say is that "the existing arrangements for the supply of capital by the bank to private industrialists are in some respects defective"! What, of course, finally damns the whole policy is the continued prostration before the free trade fetish. "Complete free trade" is still held up as an ultimate aim, with a trade agreement among low-tariff countries as the immediate objective, and in the meantime the conventional complaint about State subsidies and other obstructions, the old, old cry "to clear the channels of trade", which stamps the nineteenth-century mind, remote from present-day realities. It does not yet seem to have dawned on the "Liberal" mind—which is found, of course, almost equally among many who call themselves Conservative or Labour—that the present trade stagnation is the inevitable outcome of the competitive struggle between industrial nations, and results not at all from the war changing a harmonious universe into chaos. Free trade and the "international" monetary system related to it were essentially the form of economic policy adopted by this country's instinctive economic egoism. Now that the last remnants of our industrial monopoly have been dissipated, we, too, have *per forza* introduced tariffs and other devices to try and restore a "favourable trade balance". The parallel is very close between the long-standing championship by Great Britain of free trade as an economic philosophy, which happened to suit the British book, but which our money interests sought to impose upon the world for the world's good, and the post-war "security" philosophy of France as preached from the Quai d'Orsay.

Some, but not many, Liberals who are not in party blinkers are now ready to recognise that science and the rebellion of spiritual forces in the name of the nation have wrought havoc with the dear old Liberal world. That is the meaning of Mr. Aylmer Vallance's courageous bid through the *News-Chronicle* for a new Radical party of the Left. Mr. Vallance has dared to say that "a free trade world has gone for ever", thereby causing any number of good Liberals, it is said, to become apoplectic. He has also frankly admitted that there is no hope of the Liberal party ever attaining office again with a clear majority: that the problem, therefore, for Liberals is one to be defined in terms of influence. The project of a Lib.-Lab. coalition and minority rule at Westminster hardly seems to be prospering, however, mainly owing to obstruction (from both sides) by the party machine. In any case the metamorphosis of political and economic life since 1929 has removed the foundations for any such middle party committed to the comfortable doctrine of redistribution of wealth by taxation. The middle of the road is very often, in fact, in these days of surging motor traffic, the safest place; yet you will never convince the average pedestrian that this is so!

In 1931 the nation, when offered the alternative of a Labour party obviously all at sea in a situation unknown to their Liberal or Marxian text-books, and a "National" conglomerate, committed at least to the salvage operation of restoring British credit and balancing the budget, naturally chose the latter; but with a mental reservation. When the time for reconstruction came, no one really imagined that Messrs. Neville Chamberlain and Cunciman, for instance, would be the men for the job. That 1931 vote was a typically English postponement of decision. Now with every other country, not excluding France, embarked on a new twentieth-century course, Great Britain too must decide whether there really is a social law of gravitation requiring that the function of government—i.e., administration of the *res publica* in the common interest—should translate itself into terms of the party game. The two-party system is admittedly the distinguishing factor of British parliamentary government: the one reason why the system worked in this country and provided two and a half centuries of stable government. An essential

corollary of that system, however, was that those who occupied themselves with politics were agreed on fundamentals. Today, at any rate, in England and in France, no less than in countries where the parliamentary system has been rejected as nineteenth-century junk, the old party alignment is meaningless. Not even by re-christening Right and Left Fascism and Socialism, can the party hack resuscitate old enthusiasms. The whole point about up-to-date political thought and action is that it is Right *and* Left, National *and* Socialist. And the National Government, some of whose members have not really shaken off party trammels, seems to be incapable of that dynamism which the situation demands. It is convicted of maintaining on the whole a Micawber-like attitude, while leaving the political stage to be occupied by party ghosts and a histrion in a black shirt whose undoubted abilities do not include the most essential: an understanding of the national psychology.

Happily there are signs that behind the curtain of "politics" in the narrow connotation of the term, the stage is being prepared for the new drama. The new and encouraging factor, since the World Economic Conference, is the acceptance by leaders of thought in almost every field (though least of all by economists and Members of Parliament, still chewing the cud), of the fact that the nineteenth-century trend of production and trade has to be reversed, that home development and not loan-built foreign trade is the way out of the economic trough. Not selfishness, but science, dictates the new economic nationalism, together with an appreciation of ordinary human impulses far more accurate than the intellectualist conceits of Bentham and his disciples.

The Times cannot be too highly commended for extending the hospitality of its columns to those who refuse to accept the "iron laws" of the economic text-book and the continuing mockery of "poverty in plenty". The demand voiced by Sir Geoffrey Clarke and his co-signatories to their letter was, be it noted, for an investigation by Parliament of the fundamental principles which *should* govern the financial system. It was not a mere question, that is to say, of what adjustments and repairs of the currency mechanism might be advisable in order to facilitate recovery of international trade, etc. It is disingenuous to argue, as Lord Eustace Percy does, that the sole

Function of money is to lubricate *exchange* when it is just this exchange fetish which the modern man declines to worship, knowing that its cult has only loaded humanity with chains of debt, and that science has set us today an entirely new set of problems. Our generation distinguishes between international trade proper, the simple exchange of goods and services, which is obviously to the mutual advantage of nations, and that fantasia of compound interest resulting from foreign investments which goes by the same name.

Thus, those who assume that the demand for rebuilding the financial machinery, national or international, is merely a question of the superior advantages of a commodity over a gold standard or restoration of this or that national or international price-level are firing on the wrong target. Neither redistribution of existing purchasing power, which is, after all, the aim of both Fascists and Socialists, nor a policy of mitigating one nation's distress at the expense of another—currency devaluation, etc.—is an answer to the growing number of intelligent citizens conscious of the transformation of material potentialities which the men of science have brought about and are bringing about. In the last hundred years our power to produce utilities has increased a hundred-fold, our power to consume them has barely doubled. The *Times* article, "A Case Against Gold", was a compelling protest against the latter-day Bourbons still entrenched at the Treasury and the various party headquarters who "would have us forget all that science has taught us, scrap the new machinery which has placed plenty and leisure within the grasp of humanity". The writer's strictures on the economic and financial system regarded as sacrosanct by so many of an older generation need not be recited here: they amount to the charge that it fails to deliver the goods, i.e., "to enable goods and services to be delivered as, when, and where required" (from a Letter by the Secretary of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce). As Mr. Harold Lasker wrote in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, the notion of supply and demand as "two uncontrollable forces automatically correlated by the mechanism of price adjustments" is today consciously repudiated. For the free market theory must be substituted deliberate organization of production and distribution; and that means, in the first place, regulation on a

national basis *e.g.* Mr. Walter Elliot's measures for agriculture, and then, somehow or other, ensuring that the would-be "consumer" has adequate purchasing power.

Anyone indeed who lays claim to having found his intellectual bearings in the contemporary world must acknowledge the primacy of politics. The one unpardonable offence of our forefathers, the wealth-creators, was, through a kind of hubris occasioned by the marvels of scientific achievement, to have divorced production from the notion of responsibility to a political community: nay, more, to have consistently allowed the economic to dominate the political *motif* in men's minds. How fatal such an inversion of values may be we see clearly in the recent history of the United States. There, too, the revolt of a whole people against the money power is manifest. But because of American conditions, which mark the nadir of civic responsibility, the first impulse was to cleave not to statesmanship but to technocracy: government by engineers, by nature equally unfitted with bankers to handle such a delicate organ as the State, *i.e.*, a living community. After all, the importance of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" has not been so much in any technical modification of the structure of American society as in his gallant attempt to challenge "boss-syndicalism" (Mr. Bernard Shaw's word), to rehabilitate the notion of the *res publica* in a country where *res privatæ* have so long held undisputed sway.

That same issue between the *res publica* and the vested interests—of private enterprise, of trade unions, even of statutory bodies and, above all, of political parties—is going to be the stuff of politics here in Great Britain too. Of the general public's readiness for a New Deal there need be no doubt. The problem is to find the leaders, men who have a vision of the new social State portrayed by Mr. Walter Elliot, so different from that to which "Liberal" doctrine has so long accustomed us. Since in any case the process here will be gradual, the methods very different from those that have been employed in certain Continental countries or in America, cannot we give up talking in irrelevant terms of "Dictatorship and Democracy", "Fascism" and "Socialism" and bend our minds to the task of *responsible* government which is the peculiar destiny of our people?

DOES GERMANY MEAN WAR?

BY ROGER CHANCE

EVER since the triumph of Adolf Hitler in January, 1933, Germany has been the great riddle of Europe. And as one who has spent more than six of the past fifteen months in that country, I feel I have some excuse for joining the host of writers who relate and interpret what the Nazis have done, and what they intend to do. For of this I am certain: the new Germany is misunderstood in England—to say nothing of France and elsewhere—and can never be understood without first-hand knowledge of the German people and its leaders.

Aristotle long ago expounded the rule of political revolution, and history has confirmed his judgment. The National Socialist Revolution proved no exception to that rule: it was accompanied by violence and followed by dictatorship. Under the circumstances, however, one must admit that the violence was less remarkable (though more sensational) than the orderly behaviour of the country as a whole; and the Germans have some excuse for their charge of "atrocity propaganda" manufactured abroad. The "atrocities" took place, the excesses of revolution did, and do, occur, and we have every right to criticize them. But Germany has had a bad Press. Foreign public opinion has been encouraged to form a picture drawn, admittedly, from facts, but not from all the facts. As a journalist living and working in Germany—in the country, among the peasants, as well as in the towns—I soon came to see how distorted was this picture, though unpleasant blots remained on the new one I painted. Of course, I know that Mr. Panter, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Stephens, of the *Daily Express*, thought the blots were most typical, went out to look for them, described them in a sensational manner, and were imprisoned for their unquestionably sincere pains. But I must say that my own experience has been that a foreign journalist in Germany, in contra-

distinction to Soviet Russia, can seek the whole truth and report it without arrest, if he carries out his professional duties in a reasonable manner. No man can avoid some bias of feeling. Perhaps a friendly bias towards the Nazis has prejudiced my opinion. I can only say that before going to Germany my bias was far from friendly.

The National Socialist Revolution was responsible for a number of problems that deeply affect other countries—the treatment of Jews and Socialists, the “Aryan” creed, concentration camps, German internal economy and finance—but they are beyond the scope of a short article. I shall therefore attempt to answer a single question which, if its full import is realized, goes to the root of many of these problems. That question is: Does Germany mean war? But, of course, one must needs explain what is implied by that question, while no short, simple answer can be given. Few civilized people in the world today—certainly not the generation that fought in the last war—want war as such, modern war as it is likely to be. Yet many want the things that may lead to war. In clearer terms the question should be: Does Germany intend to make herself strong enough to impose her will by force without regard to the law of treaties and the collective peace system? Are the Nazis aggressively militarist, nationalist, and preparing for war in the belief that no other method can serve their aims? An answer to be of any value must take into account German character, the history of Germany since 1918, the psychology of the people today, and the attitude of the various classes, groups and leaders bound together under Chancellor Hitler.

The outstanding post-war events should be mentioned: the blockade, the Republic and its struggle with Communism, the black troops in the Ruhr, the currency inflation and ruin of the middle classes, unemployment, civil strife, party armies, parliamentary chaos, hatred of the Treaties, lack of faith in Geneva. Of German character I do not pretend to speak with the authority of long experience, but observers are agreed in saying that these events produced a “defeat neurosis” which threatened to kill Germany, and was in the event cured by a new emotional faith and the discipline of a leadership that gave back, or promised to give back, what had been lost. The Germans had lost,

first, their morale. The young men, who in other days would have had their military training to start them off in their career, were demoralized by unemployment, and turned to Communism and civil warfare. The new democratic Constitution, and successive democratic governments, brought neither authority nor unity. Economic suffering drove families, classes and parties to mutual recrimination. Chancellors like Stresemann and Brüning, struggling with the Reichstag at home and Conferences abroad, failed to restore the national pride, the *esprit de corps*, the morale—that, first and last, was what Germany was roaring to bring to birth again.

Say what you will of Herr Hitler, in the vulgar tongue he delivered the goods (his own tongue is a spell-binding orator's, and not merely a mob orator's, as anyone who has sat near his platform must admit). Say what you will of *Mein Kampf*, the crude racial theories, and the obsession of hate against the Jews, the Chancellor is a man ripened by experience, a real leader. For most Germans he is a man apart, a man with a mission. But, in contrast to Mussolini, it appears that he cannot stand alone, apart from his friends. Say what you will of his methods, Adolf Hitler removed the "defeat neurosis" by giving first his party, and then the people, a renewed faith in the national destiny, leadership, discipline, organization and a programme. Germany was sick. Hitler had the genius to give the healing touch. Whether you look upon him as a Messiah or as a medical medicine-man who has drugged the Nazis into madness (such extremes of view are not uncommon), the fact remains that he brought about what no other had come near to doing—the renaissance of German *esprit de corps*.

A French word: let the French mark it well. Recovery of *esprit de corps*, of morale, is the vital thing in the familiar story we have related above. It is the vital thing in Germany today, cannot be understood except in relation to that story; and if, as I believe, it is on balance a spirit which commands our respect, the birth pangs of revolution—the terror we have all read about—are in some measure excusable. But *esprit de corps* is at root a regimental term. How far is the Nazi spirit an aggressive, militarist spirit? Have the Germans merely recovered their will to power?

Wherever you go in Germany today (and I have lived north and south of the Elbe, in Bavaria and Brandenburg, in Munich and Berlin) you cannot help noticing the spirit of the people. They have a crusading, purposeful look in their eyes, yet it is not the look of mob fanaticism. Their relief at the restoration of public order in town and village is evident, and can be appreciated by anyone who had seen Munich under Eisner, or the fights between Brown Shirts and the Reds. Their faith and enthusiasm are being severely tested. But they still believe in themselves, in their country, and in better times to come. They support Hitler's party dictatorship of their own free will, and even those who are not a hundred per cent. Brown Shirt and think there is much to criticize, are in a sacrificial state of mind, glad to endure much in the conviction that the Leader is working for the good of Germany. But not all the people, you may object; the nonconformists to Hitler's rule and racial purge are confined or banished. I answer that in my experience this unfortunate minority, however ill-deserved the fate of some of them may be, however cruel their treatment, however severe the blow to science and art, is not an irreparable loss to Germany. Revolutions are in any case hard upon heretics. National Socialists have begun to find out that the heretics can be very hard upon German finance and trade.

Even the most shocking facts can sometimes be seen in a new light when examined on the spot. In May *The Times* published details of the scandalous "Ritual Murder Number" of *Der Stürmer*, a weekly paper controlled by Herr Julius Streicher, the Nazi leader in Franconia. This attack on the Jews was indeed, as *The Times* remarked, "a gruesome production": it called forth a protesting letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury as being an act of which any civilized, Christian people ought to be ashamed. Readers no doubt said to themselves: "After all, the Germans are mad. . . ."

But it is Streicher who is mad, not all the Nazis. On returning to Germany towards the end of that month I took the opportunity of questioning Herr Rudolf Hess, the Chancellor's deputy leader of the party, about this incident. "Why do you allow this sort of thing?" I asked. "Surely you cannot approve of it—and do you realize the effect upon foreign

opinion?" He explained that *Der Stürmer* was a rather vulgar, simple-minded, but not widely-read "rag" which had taken up the fight against the Jews, and that Streicher was an old member of the party who had done good service and could not lightly be dismissed. The "Ritual number" was at once banned, a clear sign of the Chancellor's opinion. Knowing Herr Hess, and other moderate-minded leaders of the party, it is impossible to associate them with such fanaticism. They would be glad, I am sure, to see the last of Streicher. Why, then, one complains, is this sort of thing permitted under a dictatorship? Because an Inquisition is not easy to control, because there are many "leaders" in Germany, and the Leader himself is not ruthless enough with those who overreach themselves. It is, indeed, uncertain whether he can rule the whirlwind of hate that has arisen from his early preaching, though the German people as a whole is certainly not tarred with this brush of madness.

Apart from the confident bearing of all classes, and the widespread mystical worship of Hitler, the most noticeable features in Germany today are the Nazi flags, the uniformed S.A. and H.S. (Storm Troops), and the young men working in the Labour Camps. Wherever you go, in village or town, you are almost certain to pass a column of marching Brown Shirts, or to hear, in the dust of evening, their rhythmic tramp and the deep-voiced, staccato chorus of their songs. You cannot help admiring their physique, their youthful ardour. If you know any of them personally, and especially if they are Bavarians, you will be inclined to say: "These people are just like ourselves". But why are they drilling? What are they training for? Yes, the military note is inescapable. I call to mind two meetings addressed by Herr Hitler, the one in the Sportpalast in Berlin, the other at Munich where the veterans of the party were like old soldiers on parade. I cannot forget the German Ski Championships at Berchtesgaden, when field-grey Reichswehr troops mixed with Brown Shirts wearing daggers at their belts, and General Göring, at the prize-giving ceremony in a church square, spoke from a platform surrounded by staff officers and Nazi guards. When I visited the Labour Camps, and saw the young men working, drilling, disciplined, but happy,

I could not help thinking of soldiers on duty behind the battle front, twenty years ago. All these parades and pageants have been described as "militarism", and "preparation for war". Yet my own conclusion is that this is a false analysis, due in the main to ignorance of German character, of the emotions and thoughts that are dominant in German public opinion today. What this involves has to some extent been suggested in the preceding pages. Let us examine it more closely, as it affects the principal question at issue: Does Germany mean war?

The state of mind is all important. The problem is first a psychological one. I think most observers will agree that the following traits have been brought out by the National Socialist victory. The spirit engendered is religious, emotional, revivalistic; it is proud, even truculent, sometimes ruthless, conscious of recovered morale and power; it resembles in certain aspects the "spirit of the trenches", abolishing class feeling, and able to bind men together as brothers because they have a common ideal, a common danger or a common enemy. We know what great things a group of men, or a nation, can achieve under the impulse of united feeling. We know what destructive, barbarous things they can do. National revivalism can easily be changed into the war fever. We are anxious to find out what is the common objective of the Nazi spirit—the ideal, the danger, or the enemy, if there is one.

At home there are the economic and social problems, with the threat of Communism in the background. The Storm Troops, so much criticised, and other Nazi organizations, such as the "Hitler Youth", help to maintain party courage and public order; they keep young men, often otherwise unemployed, healthy and in good heart; they serve as organized units through which the party can train its members. These are the reasons given for their continued existence. I find them valid. Of course, one must not overlook the semi-military training, the military handbooks, and the fact that the S.A. and S.S. are the nucleus of a military reserve. But there is also the German disciplined, uniformed habit of mind to be remembered, and the acute sensitiveness to her position in a strongly-armed Europe.

Why, then, did Germany leave the Disarmament Conference? This, it was said at the time, was an acute political move by

Hitler, who wished to distract the minds of the Nazis from internal failure. In fact, he correctly judged the national sentiment, Nazi and non-Nazi alike, which, tired of delay at Geneva, offended at foreign judgment on the Revolution, was bursting to make a gesture of defiance. Perhaps legally and diplomatically unsound, it was morally inevitable. I do not regard it as a militarist challenge to the collective peace system, but rather as a sign of impatience at not being admitted sooner to that system on equal terms, already, in December, 1933, theoretically granted. Just so with rearmament, disarmament having been so long deferred. The temper of Germany demanded a material symbol of her recovered morale, a material fulfilment of the theoretical grant of equality, and adequate material means of self-defence. The other Powers, although sincere no doubt in their efforts for disarmament and collective security, followed in the meantime the rule of *si vis pacem para bellum*. Nazi Germany, feeling herself re-born, counted it as her right to apply the same rule, and to become again, within a shorter period than they liked, the peer of these Powers. It is possible, no doubt, if you think you must tell the world, to poke around and discover where the arms are being made, perhaps even more than were estimated for in the recent Budget, at which France points an accusing finger. Such legalistic pedantry is absurd ; it does not meet the facts. What really matters is the present temper of Germany—how far her gestures and demands represent a need to satisfy honour and obtain security, or a manœuvre to win power “ over all ”. And this is what all thinking people want to know.

If the temper of the German people as a whole cannot fairly be described as militarist, *this temper can, however, be changed into the war fever, or the anarchist fever of despair, by forces within the country, and without*. There are the Army, the Civil Service, the class with Nationalist and Junker sympathies. What do they think ? How great is their power ? There are the Left-wing National Socialists. There is the obscure problem of leadership ; if the party rules, does Hitler, in fact, rule the party ? How much is Hitler influenced, and by whom ?

Early this year in Munich I was talking to a German staff-colonel in the *Wehrpolitisches Amt* of the party. He pointed

to a picture on the wall, drawn by a German artist, which depicted some infantrymen firing from the shelter of a ruined building near Messines during the first battle of Ypres, October-November, 1914. "How strange", I said, "I was there myself. Perhaps they were shooting at me". "And perhaps you were shooting at Hitler", my companion replied. "For the Leader was there, a common soldier in his Bavarian regiment."

The front-line-soldier touch, so potent a link of friendship in Germany today, has something more in it than mere sentiment. How often have I heard: "Hitler is an old soldier. He does not want war. He says what he means". And there is this in the argument: that the National Socialist party contains many leaders of the war generation, well tried in the fire, who are statesmen made, or in the making. I think of General von Epp, Disarmament Minister von Ribbentrop and Deputy Leader Rudolf Hess—no one could hesitate to trust such men. But who has Hitler's ear? There are evil counsellors, as well as good. Last month a writer in this REVIEW told lurid tales of Alfred Rosenberg. I am unable to confirm or deny them. The author of *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* is himself something of a myth.

All one can say is that under certain conditions the statesmen, under others the fanatics, will prevail. And one of the dangerous conditions is the threat of Communism should the morale or the material prosperity of Germany collapse. Such a danger is admitted by a few responsible Germans, and I believe it is a real one. They know what might happen if the Brown Shirts lost faith. In *The Times* of June 1st, we read in an account of the Disarmament Conference:

The attitude finally taken up by the French Government on April 17th was inspired, at least in part, by speculation on the collapse of Herr Hitler. It was a gamble on the downfall of Nazism owing to discontent and financial stringency. Those who are in close touch with the French delegation now deny that a speculation of such magnitude is at the base of French policy; but they do not deny that it exists in some degree. French policy is known to be inspired by the belief that the Hitler regime is in difficulties; that its difficulties will increase rather than diminish; that the French refusal puts Herr Hitler in a corner; and that if he is held in that corner he will be more disposed six months ahead to surrender the claim to rearm than he is now.

This speculation, *The Times* remarked, "is based on the

most doubtful assumptions". Nevertheless, Germany is not proof against unlimited pressure, and a policy designed to force her into submission will strike most of us as a foolish act. For whatever its defects may be there is no reasonable alternative to the Nazi rule in Germany at the present time. A collapse would have terrible effects in Europe.

Apart from this certain way of driving the Germans to disaster, the normal French policy is intelligible, logical, and possibly legal. But if the arguments submitted in these pages are cogent, then it is grievously mistaken. France says: We believe in the reign of law; the Peace Treaties, though not intended to be unalterable, are a safeguard against chaos; Germany has broken the Treaty of Versailles, has left the Disarmament Conference, has repudiated the Covenant; without security, without the return of Germany to Geneva, we cannot disarm, or consent to the rearmament of Germany. Now this view errs in two important respects. First, it overlooks the facts of the present situation; the law has lagged behind the rights of equity that have already been granted, and the rearmament of Germany is already in being. Secondly, it betrays complete ignorance of the real significance of the Nazi Revolution, since the official French attitude, by refusing to regard Hitler as anything but a threat to Europe, has helped to provoke the very illegality of which the French Government now complains. *'Cet animal est méchant. Quand on l'attaque il se défend.'*

The British Draft Disarmament Convention of March 16th, 1933—sometimes called the "MacDonald Plan"—held out a promise of agreement, but at Geneva in October of the same year there came the notorious controversy between Sir John Simon and Baron von Neurath, modifications of the plan unfavourable to Germany, and Germany's withdrawal. This year the German Memorandum of April 16th—the "Hitler Plan" according to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, acceptable to Great Britain and Italy—was rejected by France on account of evidence of German rearmament. Yet, if the point of view argued in these pages is correct, and the Powers had not failed to understand the state of mind of the German people, such breakdowns might have been avoided. Last month the Disarmament Conference was saved from death by a compromise,

but it seems doubtful whether Germany's return to the Conference can be effected on terms satisfactory to herself and France. Germany wants a degree of practical equality before returning. France insists that such a concession means giving in to a transgressor.

I have no wish to give the impression in this article of supporting a sentimental, pacifist point of view. If might is not right, force is the necessary instrument of law, and Great Britain must find the best method of preserving her own safety, if not within, then without, the collective peace system. Still less do I wish to suggest unqualified approval of the Nazi regime, which is, in some respects, a desperate remedy for a dangerous disease—one that Great Britain has thus far mercifully been able to avoid. But I am sure that this country, as well as France, has misjudged the psychological significance of the Nazi Revolution.

Why should we not have the courage to accept Germany as an equal, treat her as a friend, which she desires to be, and tell the French firmly that with all their natural concern over security, they have failed to understand the real spirit of the German people? The *animal* is not so *méchant* as they think. A policy of treating it as such will make its temper worse, and may even drive it to madness.

AN N.R.A. FOR CANADA ?

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE economic, political and social relations of the United States and Canada are so closely intertwined that policies and developments initiated at Washington rarely fail to produce early reactions in Canada and affect the courses of its Government. It was American dislike of the Anglo-Japanese alliance that impelled the Canadian Government to resist successfully its renewal in 1921 ; it was the Smoot-Hawley Tariff that was primarily responsible for Canada's resort to a high protectionist policy in 1930, and for the attempts made at the Ottawa Conference in 1932 to achieve some co-ordination of the trade activities of the British Commonwealth ; and it was American enthusiasm for the St. Lawrence Waterway project that induced a Canadian Conservative Ministry to forswear its traditional prejudices against close relations with the United States and negotiate the treaty, which lately came to grief at the hands of the American Senate—without evoking any serious lamentation in Canada. So it was almost inevitable that so far-reaching an economic experiment as the N.R.A. programme would sooner or later have a decisive impact upon the economic fortunes of the Dominion.

Its rather bewildering developments and their consequences have been closely watched by the politicians and general public of Canada with a sympathetic interest, which is stimulated by the knowledge that a revival of prosperity for her mighty neighbour must bring benefits to the Dominion, and already a welcome fillip has been given to various Canadian industries through an increased demand from the United States for their products. None has profited more than the newsprint industry, which, as the result of rash over-expansion, over-capitalization and other follies, had been reduced to desperate straits since 1929. Its outlook has been enormously improved in the last year by the

increased export demand from the United States and the stabilization of prices at a better level as the result of the N.R.A. code adopted by the American branch of the industry, to which the Canadian producers are now pledged to conform. To other lines of industry there has come a notable stimulus from the policies adopted by various American corporations which have branch plants in Canada, of fulfilling in them their foreign orders in order that they may reap the benefit of the lower scales of wages and costs of production which rule outside the ægis of the N.R.A. Furthermore, it is possible for the products of such Canadian plants to get the benefit of the mutual preferential trade arrangements now prevailing among the units of the British Commonwealth.

But, apart from such factors, the Rooseveltian programme has ever since its inception had enthusiastic admirers in Canada, who contrasted the placid faith of their ruling politicians in what they are wont to describe as "tried and tested institutions" with the bold experiments so blithely being undertaken south of the forty-ninth parallel. There arose intermittent demands from different quarters for a Canadian replica of the N.R.A., and at a political summer school, organized under the auspices of the Liberal party last August, "national planning" was exhaustively discussed with such puissant American exponents of the art as Professor Raymond Moley and Mr. W. A. Harriman distilling to an interested audience the lore of their experience and wisdom. Mr. Vincent Massey, Canada's first Minister at Washington, who, as Chairman of the National Liberal Federation, is now high in the councils of his party, has constituted himself an ardent exponent of the gospel of planning, and has developed his ideas on the subject in more than one public speech.

But the reigning Conservative politicians at Ottawa long remained impervious to any suggestions that a bold departure from well-trodden paths would bring any benefits to Canada, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Bennett, more than once explained publicly that Canada, with her limited population and wealth and her dependence upon export markets, could not afford any such rash economic experiments as the N.R.A. Now, however, by a curious turn of the wheel, his Ministry by its own

actions has stirred up a widespread popular demand for a comprehensive programme of industrial, business and social reform, adapted from the N.R.A. model, to suit the special conditions of Canada. The initial move seems to have been made light-heartedly without any clear foresight of its probable consequences. The Bennett Cabinet contains a Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. H. H. Stevens, an Englishman born, who is reputed to have been in his callow youth an ardent Socialist. Be that as it may, he still conceals under his Conservative uniform a radical reforming spirit, and some months ago he startled the dove-cotes of the business world by a bitter public indictment of the unethical practices and deplorable standards prevalent in Canadian commerce and industry. After making this pronouncement he induced the Government to launch a House of Commons Inquiry into current business practices and industrial conditions.

The reference given to the Committee was admirably broad in its scope. It was instructed to inquire into the causes of such large "spreads" between the prices paid to producers and those charged to consumers, into wage conditions, into the business methods of the department and chain store organizations, and particularly into the effect of their mass-buying tactics; into the stock-watering of industrial flotations; into the existing system for marketing livestock, fish, etc., and other problems. The Committee, of which Mr. Stevens assumed guidance as chairman, has now been sitting for some time, and its hearings have produced a flood of disclosures which have shocked the country and startled the Government. Welfare workers, administrators of the minimum wage laws and labour leaders filled off with a sustained *exposé* of wage and industrial conditions in Montreal and Toronto which, in the view of the *Ottawa Citizen*, revealed that relics of the dark age of industrial barbarism still survived abundantly in Canada. They told of large bodies of workers toiling long hours in factories or clothing sweat-shops for pitifully low wages; of men on full time so badly paid that they had to seek public relief for the sustenance of their families; of a persistent violation of the minimum wage laws and the disinclination of the unfortunate victims to lodge complaints through a well-founded fear of losing their jobs.

Altogether they drew a picture of a state of chaotic cut-throat competition, productive of a long train of social evils in many industries in Central Canada ; and chapter and verse with the names of delinquent employers were given to support their case. Naturally, the companies and individuals thus pilloried were mightily aggrieved at these exposures, and called heaven to witness that they had been grossly slandered and could easily refute the allegations of these meddling officials ; but the solitary captain of industry who has so far ventured to appear before the Committee for this purpose revealed a strange ignorance of the working arrangements of his own business.

Most of these witnesses attributed the low wages in the furniture, clothing and other industries to the mass buying pressure of the chain and department store organizations which, by their account, bludgeoned manufacturers to cut prices to the bone, and, as a consequence, drove the latter to reduce their employees' wages. Such charges were confirmed by a different class of witnesses : the spokesmen of organizations of small retail merchants, who poured into the Committee's ears their long-pent-up grievances against the big mercantile organizations. They accused them of committing every possible crime in the business calendar, and narrated how these big concerns got unfair advantages through mass buying and mass advertising—often of a deceptive character—and secret trade discounts from manufacturers ; how, after squeezing out local competition and depriving hundreds of people of their livelihood, they recouped themselves from the consumers when they were at their mercy ; how they drained off the purchasing power of the rural communities into the large cities, and had thoroughly demoralized the business and social life of Canada. There also appeared unhappy cattlemen from Ontario and the West to tell a harrowing tale of their sufferings at the hands of a small ring of packing companies, and to demand government ownership of all stockyards and a national marketing scheme under State control.

Even more disturbing were revelations made to the Committee about the methods employed by the Imperial Tobacco Company in its dealings with Canadian tobacco growers. Representatives of the tobacco growers of Western Ontario, where a very fine quality of tobacco is now grown, and where

its cultivation has greatly increased in recent years, complained that they were completely at the mercy of the buyers of the Imperial Tobacco Company ; that the latter had imported smart American agents, adepts at driving hard bargains, to exploit their monopoly, and that the prices of raw tobacco had been beaten down in recent years to a level which left the growers with a pitiable income to support their families. Faced with these charges, officials of the Imperial Tobacco Co., including the President, attempted an explanation of their dealings, but the Committee was profoundly dissatisfied with them, and Mr. Stevens, as chairman, declared that other than normal trade factors were in operation to depress prices, and that the situation disclosed was scandalous enough to demand the intervention of Parliament.

The Stevens Committee has been given such a wide range of subjects to investigate that, although it has been sitting for nearly two months, it has done little more than touch the fringe of its task. It has at work a number of special investigators and accountants, who are checking up data supplied to it ; but even with this reinforcement it can scarcely hope to reach a satisfactory conclusion of its labours before the session ends. It is authorized to bring in interim reports from time to time and to make recommendations about legislative remedies for abuses discovered, but so far it has submitted none. What it has done has been to provide a forum for a very damaging indictment of the existing business system of Canada ; and its activities have elicited numerous practical suggestions for reform, the gist of which is that there must be evolved some coherent plan for the strict regulation of Canadian business and industry for the purpose of enforcing ethical standards and practices and securing a decent scale of wages for the workers.

Mr. Tom Moore, the President of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada, in his evidence to the Committee frankly commended the American N.R.A. as an admirable model to work upon, and urged the evolution of a similar industrial programme for the Dominion. So talk now is rife in Canada about codes and regulations, and the furniture industry has already, with the co-operation of trained economists, drawn up a code for its own regulation and submitted it to the Federal

Government, while other industries are moving on the same lines. At any rate, the Bennett Ministry finds that through the activities of the Stevens Committee there has been unloosed a flood of unrest and criticism which may not be easy to dam ; and, if it faces another session of Parliament, it will be expected to offer some practical programme for curing the evils which have been exposed in the practices of the industrial and commercial world of the Dominion.

But while the problems of industry are being thus investigated, a definite move has actually been made by the Bennett Ministry for the reorganization of the marketing system for natural products. It takes the form of a measure styled the " Natural Products Marketing Act ", which has been framed after consultation with producers and other interested parties. This measure is very sweeping in its scope, and covers all the natural products of the Dominion except minerals. The basis of the system which is to be built up will be a Dominion Marketing Board with headquarters at Ottawa, and it will co-operate with local boards, which Provincial Governments or groups of producers may establish. Elaborate regulations about the formation of these local boards are laid down, and they can be set up at the request of a representative group of producers, or even by the Central Board on its own initiative, without any formal request. There has, however, been inserted a proviso, as in the British Marketing Act, on which the Canadian Bill is partially modelled, for a vote of the interested producers before a marketing scheme for a product becomes compulsorily operative for everybody concerned with it.

The Central Board is to be armed with very drastic powers. It will be authorized to decree by Order in Council the regulated marketing of any product ; to control both the inter-provincial and export marketing of such regulated product ; to fix the quality, grade and quantity of any regulated product that is marketed by any person at any given time ; and to compensate people who may suffer losses through orders of the Board by a drop in prices, exchange fluctuations or other causes. It can also order investigations into price spreads between producers and consumers, and, if satisfied that they are unfair, fix an equitable scale. There is no need to recount in detail all the

provisions of this Bill, and it will suffice to say that, if it comes into effect, it will work a revolution in Canada's marketing system for farm products. It will end the trading system which agriculture and other natural industries have been using ever since Canada was a settled country and will introduce an element of government control and regulation which, according to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, a severe critic of the scheme, has no parallel in its rigour in any other country. Indeed, the *Free Press* goes so far as to assert in an editorial :

"The issue is a national one, the greatest possibly in the country's history, as we will either retain some measure of commercial liberty by drastic amendments to the Marketing Bill or go blindly into the clutches of a bureaucratically controlled system of trade, in which the objective is to allow the individual system the least possible measure of commercial initiative with all the various implications by which that would certainly be attended."

Mr. Mackenzie King, the leader of the Liberal party, is also violently opposed to the Bill, on the ground that it is a dangerous adventure in State Socialism, carrying a flavour of Fascism ; and he at first committed his party to definite opposition to the principle of the Bill. But some of his Western followers were very lukewarm in the opposition, and two of the latter actually voted with the Government for the second reading of the Bill. One of this pair, Mr. Motherwell, who served Mr. King as Minister of Agriculture in three Cabinets, broke with his leader openly over the Bill, and said that his experience as a Minister had convinced him of the necessity of a bold state-controlled programme to ensure the orderly marketing of Canadian exports, and that, so parlous was the plight of farming in Canada, he would work with Beelzebub for its improvement. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation are frankly enthusiastic for the Bill and acclaim it as evidence that the Government has at last learnt wisdom and been converted to socialistic principles. But their pæans of praise have alarmed the business and financial interests, who dislike the measure as a dangerous experiment in paternalism, and have begun to disseminate propaganda against it. Influenced by their view and suspicions of the incomings of the C.C.F. group, not a few Conservative members are far from enamoured of the Bill ; but when a division was

taken on the second reading, they all stood firm behind the Ministry and, as it secured the support of the whole C.C.F. group, as well as of the two Independents and the two dissentient Liberals, it had its largest majority—120 to 60—since it assumed office. In committee the Liberals pressed strongly for drastic amendments and the Government made some important concessions in the direction of greater parliamentary control of the scheme and its finances to pacify them. So the Bill is likely to become law, and when it comes into operation a new order of things will prevail in a wide range of Canada's economic activities.

There exists in Canada one tremendous obstacle to any scheme of national planning and federal regulation of industry in the provisions of the Federal constitution. It is embalmed in the British North America Act, a statute of the British Parliament, which was passed in 1867 as the basis of the Confederation ; and, although Canada, as the result of decisions of the Imperial Conference of 1926, now formally registered in the Statute of Westminster, is completely emancipated from the leading strings of Downing Street in all matters of policy and has most of the privileges of an independent state, she can still only change her constitution with the consent of the British Parliament. Now this constitution is in many of its features obsolete and archaic ; it was devised at a time when Canada was in the main an agricultural community of pioneer settlers, and such developments as hydro-electric energy, aviation and broadcasting were still in the womb of the future ; the result is that, in the absence of any definite provisions about such matters, there has been a constant conflict about the respective zones of Provincial and Federal jurisdiction.

The framers of the Canadian constitution, noting the troubles which have beset the United States about State rights, planned to create as strong as possible a central Federal authority for Canada ; but, whereas the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, under the inspiration of the lead given by Chief Justice Marshall, have tended to strengthen the Federal authority throughout the generations, for Canada the legal decisions of the Imperial Privy Council have, largely under the influence of the ideas of the late Lord Haldane, tended

to buttress and even aggrandize the rights of the Provinces. At any rate, it is clear that the Canadian Provinces, vested unquestionably as they are with jurisdiction over civil rights and property, have complete control over the regulation of wages and hours of labour, and that the Federal Government can only deal with such problems by indirect methods. It is plain, therefore, that a drastic amendment of the Canadian constitution is an indispensable prelude to any Federal regulation of Canadian industry or any N.R.A. adventure, and such an enterprise presents formidable difficulties. The real obstacle lies in the firm conviction of the French-Canadian elements, which dominate in the Province of Quebec and have substantial garrisons in other provinces, that their racial and religious privileges are much safer under the guardianship of the British Parliament than they would be if at the mercy of a Canadian Parliament, which for years to come will have a non-French majority. Mr. Taschereau, the veteran Liberal Premier of Quebec, who has constituted himself a veritable Cerberus for the Constitution, cries "Hands off" whenever the question of amendments is mooted.

Hitherto the advocacy of constitutional revision has found little newspaper support except in the columns of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and has been confined to small groups of intellectual Liberals, while the politicians of all parties have regarded it as political gunpowder. But now there is evidence of a rapid conversion of public opinion outside of Quebec to the idea that Canada is wrapped up in an outworn constitutional strait-jacket, which is a hopeless barrier to reforms urgently necessary for the restoration of the nation's economic health. Not only have influential leaders of the Conservative party, like Senator Meighen and Mr. Henry, lately Premier of Ontario, been advocating such constitutional reforms for some time past, but within the last month Mr. Bennett, after explaining that Federal regulation of industry, however desirable, was completely impracticable under the present constitutional schemes, intimated that, if he was returned to power at the next election, he would attempt to deal with the problem, and he exhorted a Liberal who urged immediate action to busy himself with the conversion of his political friends in Quebec.

It is quite clear, therefore, that a drastic reform of the constitution must come before there can be any uniform nationwide legislation for the regulation of industry and, although the idea is not without powerful supporters in Quebec like Mr. Ernest Lapointe, the ingrained conservatism of the French-Canadians will probably make them follow Mr. Taschereau on this issue and prevent the Liberal party tackling the problem when it comes to power.

But the issues which are now developing may well shape the future course of Canadian politics. On the one side there may be ranged the elements which cling to the traditional principles of Gladstonian Liberalism, dislike any extension of the powers of the States, and regard schemes of control and regulation as dangerous adventures in Socialism; while in the other camp will be found the elements who are convinced that the old capitalist system, under which trade and industry operated under the laws of supply and demand in a *milieu* of free competition, has outlived its usefulness, and is unsuited to a world obsessed with rigid economic nationalism. It is their belief that if Canada is to recover genuine prosperity and make the fullest and most profitable use of her great natural resources, there must be a drastic reorganization of her whole economic structure from the bottom upwards, and an extension of the principles of control and regulation into the operations of industry and commerce.

It has not been without significance that during the present session the Conservatives, who have never been averse from collectivist experiments, as the existence of the Canadian National Railways and the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario can testify, have more often than ever before found themselves voting on the same side as the C.C.F. group, which has a frankly socialistic programme, against the Liberals, who were recently greatly enraged by a taunt of a C.C.F. member that they were now the reactionary party of Canada.

NEW AND OLD IN WILTSHIRE

BY A. G. STREET

AT the time London seemed to be the most horrible place imaginable, and the rest of my world contained neither peace nor quiet. Plays, films, books—I was sick of them all, and also of the people who wrote them, acted in them, or talked about them. Also I could not sleep at night. In despair I went to my doctor.

He gave me a thorough examination, and then said : “ You’ve been running in top gear with your foot on the accelerator for too long. Go and park yourself in the country somewhere. Get away from your work and also from London’s traffic and noise. Go where they don’t know the meaning of hurry. Go somewhere where everything is done in leisurely fashion. It’s fine ; go and watch ’em haymaking. If you don’t, you’re in for a bad breakdown.”

A man is a fool who neglects to take good advice after paying for it, so I wrote to my one and only farmer friend, Walter Turd. He and I had done all sorts of foolish things together in France between 1914 and 1918, and he had often invited me down to his Wiltshire farm, but somehow or other I had not been there since 1920. Walter was slow and heavy enough for all conscience, I thought. He had an arm like a leg of mutton and a round sunset for a face. Besides, Wiltshire was a backward county. In spite of all Mr. Elliot’s new schemes for the organization of agriculture, Wiltshire would still be farming the good old-fashioned way. There would be milkmaids, cows, and muck, and cocks and hens, and men with scythes going “ swish ”, and lovely stately wagonloads of sweet-smelling hay moving slowly towards the rick with all the dignity and beauty of a sailing ship. In charge of this leisurely activity would be slow, genial Walter and a host of kindly but rather vacant yokels. Yes, my doctor was right, and Walter and Wiltshire together would make up his prescription perfectly.

I could not see Walter anywhere on Salisbury platform when I arrived there about eight o'clock an evening or two later, but outside the barrier a young lady asked me if my name was Miles. When I said that it was, she introduced herself as Walter's wife, and led the way outside the station to a large six-cylinder Buick saloon. "Walter's busy", she explained. "He was coming to meet you, but it turned out a sunny afternoon, and we're carrying this evening." She sent the car along at a good forty-five over the four miles from Salisbury to Bowercombe, and in a few minutes we arrived at the Manor Farm.

Walter had come in from haymaking, and after a good supper we sat on the lawn and talked of old times. A warm June night, the scent of hay all round us, pipes going nicely, and no noise. The maelstrom called London seemed very far away. My doctor was right; here was peace and quiet; here I should get well. Manor Farm, Bowercombe, Wilts, was just the same as ever; it was untouched by modern progress. We went up to bed at ten, and I was told that the usual farm breakfast was at eight-thirty, but that I could have mine in bed if I wished. Eight-thirty seemed to be a most reasonable hour for breakfast, I thought, so I said that I would be down for it.

As usual, I did not sleep very well, and at four-thirty next morning I looked out of my window to see the big car sliding down the drive, while a motor-lorry came out of the buildings and followed it down the lane. I looked out at the farm buildings. There was no new red brick or corrugated iron to be seen, but, if anything, they seemed to be rather more dilapidated than of old. They did not look used. The depression in farming appeared to have had its effect, yet Walter looked fairly prosperous, and he had not grumbled very much yesterday evening. Evidently he was still an easy-going, old-fashioned farmer. Perhaps he was even lazy, for surely in haymaking time a farmhouse breakfast should be forgotten long before eight-thirty. But where were the cows? The farm buildings were deserted. Was Walter so hard up that he could not stock his farm? Ought I to offer to pay for my board? But no, there was that Buick saloon! And where had my host gone in it so early in the morning?

I found the answer to these questions during breakfast. Walter

told me that he had cut eight acres of grass already that morning. "During haymaking I reckon to keep one of the tractor mowers going from five until one of the dairymen comes back from his breakfast at eight", he explained. "You see, we milks from four-thirty till seven, and has an hour for breakfast. He'll keep the mower going until he goes milking in the afternoon. Then, maybe, I can have another spell until after tea. We need all our chauffeurs in haymaking nowadays." He also explained that all his cows were milked by machinery out of doors.

After breakfast I went with him round the farm, again in the car, for apparently walking was too slow for his farming, and a horse was a scarce article. The farm was almost all grass, and I spent the morning opening and shutting gates to let the car go across country. We seemed to be always in a hurry. We buzzed from one field to another. We negotiated downland slopes so steep and sideling that I conceived a great respect for both the car's capabilities and my host's driving. We visited two outdoor milking outfits; we hurled an ancient dairyman across a mile or so of green England to attend a calving cow; we fetched spare parts for various machines from Salisbury; we dashed home to telephone furiously for a supply of kerosene; we went to the field where two tractors were busy cutting; and all the time Walter drove like Jehu, son of Nimshi, and all the time the June sun shone over the countryside.

I thought of my doctor's words—"Go where they don't know the meaning of hurry." Why, our whole progress was a feverish hustle. And yet I felt happy and at peace. Why? Because the Wiltshire setting in which we moved was so spacious and so dignified that any sign of man's activity appeared trivial by comparison. Mechanical traffic might dominate Piccadilly Circus with its noise and rush, but it seemed insignificant under the shadow of the downs.

That thought came to me while we were watching the tractor-mowers at work. They were going slowly round a forty-acre area of waving grass. The standing portion was surrounded by endless seven-feet wide ribbons of cut grass—Walter's early morning work—and the tractors looked like small toys in such a large field; far too small, I thought, by comparison with the

enormous task in front of them. I said as much to Walter, who laughed. "Soon after tea this field 'll be finished", he said. "All farm implements seem slow, but they are very sure, and those two chaps driving are persistent fellows, and they know their job. Come on, it's after eleven; we must go and see whether we can carry any hay after dinner."

Away we went again, this time to a large field of hay lying in the swath just as the mowers had left it.

"Heavy dew this morning", said Walter. "This was wringing wet at eight o'clock, but it's beginning to rustle under foot now."

He picked up a wisp of hay and twisted it into a rope, which he then snapped with a sharp tug. Then he glanced up at the cloudless sky. "One o'clock 'll do that fine", he said. "When you can twist hay into a rope strong enough to hang yourself you'd best let it alone, but this is all but fit and I shall chance it. The man who never made a hot rick never made any good hay. Come on, we must get this fixed up." "Come on" seemed to be the keynote of his farming.

Getting it fixed up meant another furious tour of the farm, giving orders to different men on the way. Walter had two herds of sixty cows, each milked by machinery out of doors, and each in charge of one man and one boy. The afternoon haymaking was planned in this fashion. One team of milkers was to start milking at one, finish at three, have tea, and then go and relieve the other man and boy at the cutting; the man to drive the tractor and the boy to sharpen the mower knives. The team thus relieved were to have tea, and milk their herd afterwards, and then fill in the rest of the day in the carrying field. We warned the lorry driver, the old dairyman, the groom, gardener, the poultry man who was in charge of nearly a half-mile row of folding houses, and some men who were fencing, that the hay would be fit by one o'clock, and dashed up to the cutting field yet again to tell the other driver to stick at his job all day. Then we went home to dinner.

During the meal it was suggested that I, the invalid, should rest during the afternoon, but I said that I wanted to watch the carrying, and explained that I loved to watch the wagons going backwards and forwards to the hayrick. "It will be such

a peaceful change after the London streets to see some horses at work ", I said.

Walter grinned, and said nothing, but his wife advised me to keep away from the hayfield. " He isn't fit to live with during haymaking ", she said. " Nothing matters to him but hay. Before you know where you are, he'll have you in a job. He goes quite mad when the sun's shining. You should hear the local unemployed's opinion of him."

Again Walter grinned. " Rubbish, dear ! They like my wages, even if I do push 'em sometimes. 'Sides, haymakin' to-day ain't hard work. It's brains that's wanted. Come on, Jim, and we'll initiate you."

Life seemed to be all " Come on " with Walter, and away we went in the car up to the hayfield. Never again will I refer to the agricultural labourer as an ignorant yokel. He is a skilled mechanic. There were four old high-powered motor cars in the field in addition to our own—two Chrysler two-seaters, a Studebaker touring car, and a huge Daimler saloon. There were also two sad-looking horses hitched to horse-rakes, who looked out of place in this rural car park. Three of the cars had hay-sweeps attached to their dumbirons, sticking out in front like huge hands, palms uppermost. The men were busy starting up the cars.

" All set ? " Walter asked a leathery-faced foreman. The man nodded. " All right, then, Bill. You better take the Daimler on the stacker. I'll drive one o' the sweeps, when we'm started. One o' these rake boys can keep her goin' till I'm ready. There won't be any raking for half an hour. Come on, Jim."

Away we went over to the middle of the field, where a curious contraption was set up near a pile of bedding. While two or three men set out the bedding for the rick, Walter and the foreman hitched a rope to the dumbirons of the Daimler and proceeded to drive it slowly backwards and forwards, testing the stacker. When the car went backwards it pulled out a rope, and in so doing an enormous hand, very like the sweeps in front of the other cars, was elevated on a long arm from the ground to the perpendicular. When the car went forward this hand slowly returned to the earth again.

In a minute or two a car arrived pushing an enormous sweep-

load of hay in front of it. It pushed this on to the stacker's hand, and then backed away, leaving its load behind, and buzzed across the field for another. One man pushed a few stray locks of hay on to the hand and generally tidied up the heap. "Right!" he yelled. Backwards went the Daimler, and up went the hay. At the top of the throw, so to speak, there was a check in its career, and the hay slid off the hand and fell in a smother on to the rick bedding. Up came the Daimler, down went the hand; up came another car, back it went empty; back went the Daimler, and up went the hay. I watched the business in wonderment and admiration for a few minutes. "Slick rig, isn't it?" said Walter. "Shifts a hell of a lot of stuff in a short time. Come on, let's ride back in the next car. I've got to drive now." We piled into the next car, and went back to its starting point at a good fifteen miles per hour, and while Walter drove one of the cars I watched how they picked up their loads.

They took the hay straight from the swath, usually going across the swaths. As the cars went forward the fingers of the sweep were pushed in under the swaths and the hay slipped back over them until the radiator of the car brought it to a halt. When going absolutely square across the swaths they picked up the hay very cleanly, and there was little for the horserakes to collect. What the rakes did collect was dropped carefully in front of the sweeps' passage as far as possible, so that the field was cleared cleanly in one operation.

It was amazing how swiftly that field of hay disappeared, and how swiftly the chunky blue hayrick grew in the middle of it. Gone was the picturesque hayfield of my boyhood, and in its place was a scene of mechanical ingenuity. Yet the men driving these cars so skilfully were ordinary agricultural labourers—most of the drivers were young, it was true, but they were yokels none the less. I rode backwards and forwards with them and tried to find out what they thought of these new innovations. To my surprise they were all in favour of them, and proud of their employer for using them.

"Got to move wi' the times in farmin' same as in anythin' else", one of them said. "Ef we don't, we'll be out o' work, an' there bain't no dole fer we. The old ways wun't keep no men at work, but thease ways will still keep a vew. 'Sides,

tain't sich 'ard work as pitchin'. Still, I low wold Arnold don't like makin' rick under thic stacker. You should 'ear 'ee cuss zumtimes, when maister do drive 'im a bit too fast fer a spell."

I got out of the car on its next journey, and got up on the rick. Sure enough Arnold was "cussing", but not at the new implements; it was the unfortunate pair of unskilled unemployed who were being subjected to his wrath.

"Git up top o' it, ye gurt vooil, Zid", he was advising one poor unfortunate upon whom the stacker had just tipped several hundredweights of hay. "Damn it altogether! Cassent move theeself a mite? Keep the middle vull, an' pass I enough to build the sides. They jokers cain't come it awver Arnold Paddock wi' all thur contraptions. Damn the hay an' thee too."

Arnold's two companions in misfortune were sweating profusely, but the old man—he must have been nearly seventy—had not turned a hair, although he was doing more work than the other two put together. But he was in a bad temper.

By eight o'clock that night the field of over thirty acres was an expanse of greeny-brown stubble, an immense blue rick sat squatly in the middle of it, the buzz of machinery had ceased, and the sun was slowly sinking towards the western ridge of downs. We took Arnold and the foreman home in the Buick, while the rest of the gang piled into the Daimler and followed us. Their chariot needed no licence over the pastures, and where they were bound to cross the highway Walter yelled to them to mind and push the car across. "But they won't", he muttered. "Never mind, the bobby'll be down at the cross-roads directing traffic."

When I said good-night to Arnold, he gave as his opinion that they had done "a vairish day". What a good day's hay-making is in his estimation I cannot conceive. He also said firmly, "An' I be gwaine to 'ave a pint to-night, er dog bite me". Somehow, I did not think there was any dog which would dare come between Arnold and his beer.

During supper I found out that most of the farmers in the neighbourhood made their hay in similar fashion, and that the old cars used cost about ten pounds each; and that night I slept the sleep of the just.

I stayed at the farm for a fortnight, during which time I graduated into an experienced hand. I learned to drive a car-sweep and a tractor. I learned how, in ten minutes, to take a sweep off a broken-down car and fix it on to Walter's Buick. I learned that even with all these modern implements in farming it is still the land which matters more than the men employed in its service, and I marvelled at the skill and intelligence of the Wiltshire farm labourer in handling machinery.

During my stay I found out that Wiltshire to-day is a curious mixture of new and old. The Wiltshire farmer uses all the latest inventions in his farming, but, more often than not, he houses them in ancient buildings. The modern motor lorry spends the night under a thatched shed in which its owner's forefathers housed the broad-wheel wagon. The binder and the threshing machine spend their leisure under ancient roofs, and tucked away in dim recesses of the curiously curved rafters above them, their predecessors, the scythe and flail, may often be found.

I spoke of this to Walter, and he gave me the right answer to it all. "The land is just the same as ever", he said. "Land doesn't alter, but the habits and needs of the people on it do alter. Farming's just the same in essentials; it's only the methods which have changed."

"How do you mean?" I asked. "Surely the whole business of farming has changed?"

"No it hasn't", he replied. "My grandfather made his hay according to the methods at his disposal. I'm doing just the same. He grew wheat, because the nation needed it. I produce milk and eggs instead, because the nation can be supplied with better and cheaper wheat from abroad. What difference does it make what we grow or how we grow it? The job of using England's land for the best purpose according to the national need is just the same. See here, years ago about this time, my grandfather would step outside in order to look at the sky and make a forecast of tomorrow's weather. What do I do?"

He turned a knob in the portable wireless set near his chair, and the voice of the announcer filled the room. "To-night's weather forecast. A large anti-cyclone extends over the British Isles . . ." Walter switched off the set. "And that's all right", he said. "We'll get that last field tomorrow."

THE READER AND THE LISTENER

BY ROBERT BELL

IT is too soon yet to gauge the effect upon the public mind of the tremendous experiment of the B.B.C. It has hardly been in operation for ten years, and a decade is a short time for the development of new habits or tendencies. But already one thing is clear in connection with the non-musical part of the programmes, and that is that the great body of the community is divided into two distinct classes: the Readers and the Listeners. Hitherto we have been almost entirely Readers. We read the history of day-by-day in the newspapers; we gained most of our knowledge and entertainment from the literary shelves. Already that habit is showing signs of change. Thousands of people who used to buy an evening paper now rely on the evening bulletins. Thousands who went to hear speeches or lectures—along with the greater thousands who didn't—listen to the B.B.C. talks. Thousands who used to go to church now prefer to have their Sunday ministrations by radio. The ear of the great public, hitherto used mainly for conversation, is now trained to the loudspeaker, and there seems to be a great and almost unsuspected future for the art of corporate listening.

In that case history will run backwards, for there was a great listeners' age in the past. For the greater part of human history the ear was the only means of acquiring information and diversion. It does not appear that there was a Sign Period in human history, in which the race communicated in dumb show. Even the monkeys chatter, and Sanskrit and Latin and the King's English are merely elaborations of that gibberish; some investigators have gone so far as to trace resemblances. At all events, man was a talking animal for æons before he was a writing one, and through all these ages and for long afterwards (for the new art made slow headway) he was a listener. He is not to be

derided, or even pitied, on that account. Some authorities hold that his achievements under that disability were of greater subsequent importance to the race than anything he has done since—at least till quite recent times. They included all the primitive inventions—the axe, the hammer, the ladder, the wheel, and so on—of which most of today's machinery are either extensions or improvements. It was an age of no propaganda facilities, seeing that it could not reach the ear of posterity beyond the second generation, or the third at most. But within its limits it was the age of talk, for only by talk could information or amusement be transmitted. The tongue and the ear were organs much more important than they have been since, and it would be of interest to know how the lingual and aural organs of primitive man compare with those of today. The probabilities are that his sense of hearing, like his sense of smell, was of an animal acuteness much beyond that of today, when the ear finds supplementary aid on all sides. All orders, so important in a primitive community, had to pass by word of mouth ; all history had to be got by heart and transmitted by word of mouth ; the original bard was the man who made up his verses and sang them. Deafness was the ultimate calamity, for the man who could not hear was cut off from his fellows.

As a matter of historical fact, that age lasted till quite recent times. Writing was invented some ten thousand years ago ; printing, after a brief rehearsal in China, came to Europe about five centuries ago. But readers were a select caste ; and though they slowly increased from age to age the great mass of even the most cultivated nations remained till last century hopelessly illiterate. It might be argued that they were worse off than the primitives, for literature and politics had been diverted into literary channels of which the average man could not even reach the banks. The admonitions of the Church were a poor substitute for such an oral tradition as that which preserved the Homeric legends. For some dark centuries it may be said that man was neither a listener nor a reader. The fifteenth century was the first that could be called the reading age in the wider sense. Literature before that had been for the well-to-do ; a privilege which was maintained till the nineteenth century—we might almost say till the 'eighties, when the ordinary

novel was still priced at thirty-one-and-sixpence. But by that time the illiterate, as a class, were fast disappearing, and for the past fifty years at least the reader has been the greatly predominating type. He may have read nothing but an evening paper or a foolish novel ; still, for the things of the mind which he considered desirable of acquisition he relied on the eye and not on the ear. The main exception was the Church, whose congregations regularly gathered to hear improving discourse by word of mouth, and election times, when the tradition of the hustings was still observed in the ritual of speech-making. But even these preserves have now been challenged ; and the B.B.C. threatens to empty churches on the one hand as it popularises religious ideas on the other, and to facilitate the work of election candidates as it revolutionises election procedure. In so far as it enormously enlarges the potential audience, it tends to discourage the practice of oratory.

It is natural that the change should be welcomed. Listening is easier work than reading, and the B.B.C. has already got us into the habit of preferring the easier way. I do not refer to the more comfortable receptivity implied in sitting in a chair, for it is usually in that attitude that books are read ; but to people who are not habitual and systematic readers the act of perusal imposes a greater strain than the act of listening. The differentiation of the minute changes between one letter and another, the oscillating glance from line to line, the implications of punctuation, demand a greater mental effort than the comprehension of the sounded syllable. It is much easier to absorb the announcement that the weather will be showery than to decipher the tortuous outline of the words, automatic though that process has become, just as the pianist can instantly reproduce on the keyboard a process of reading infinitely more complicated. There is even a strain on the eye after a spell of close reading of which the words, if spoken, would not fatigue the ear.

In reading, too, one observes a much closer attention. That, indeed, is one of the fundamental distinctions between the classes of Readers and Listeners ; that the one desires to absorb his material more thoroughly than the other. The process of hearing is necessarily superficial ; that was one reason why, in the old days, the bards made a point of repeating themselves.

Each sentence makes its own effect, and no more attention need be paid to the context than to the bar of the *Appassionata* which Herr Schnabel played a few seconds ago. A thing heard (so long as it is not printed) need not be too closely reasoned, too logical or too consistent. The very phrase "mob oratory" indicates the weakness of the listening method. But a printed speech is there in its entirety, caged for inspection, not running wild. You can balance one sentence with another; you can re-read the whole; you can pause and ask, "Now, what precisely does he mean by that?" There must have been an extraordinary looseness of logic and preponderance of irrelevance in the pre-writing days; in the absence of the hammer it was difficult to nail any lie to the counter.

One more point that the reader might urge is that his standpoint is the more intellectual. The voice is an emotional vehicle; a nuance of expression, an added stress or a change of tone, may make all the differences that cannot be expressed in print (the italic is a clumsy device, and the black-letter of the penny leading article worse). The speaker, indeed, can use the same words more effectively, can pack more meaning into them, than the scribe limited to black and white. How far the gap between the symbol and the interpretation can extend is an interesting question. There are musicians who can get as much pleasure out of reading a music score as in the hearing of the work performed, exactly as one reads a detective story without having the words recited; and it is obvious that the increasing pleasure which many people find in reading plays which they have not seen on the stage is due to just such an education of the public imagination as that which the training of the eye tends to cultivate.

The distinction between the point of view of reader and listener is clearly reflected in literature. The older form, in which the appeal was to the ear, is direct and pictorial, as in the case of ballads, legends and hero-sagas. It is only since the public learned to read that literature has dared to be obscure and introspective. Most English poetry loses half its effect if it is not *heard*; we have only to think of Milton, or Tennyson, or Keats or Shelley to see how ineffective is the print in comparison with the sound. Carlyle and Ruskin declaimed from

beginning to end, and syllables of Sir Thomas Browne are to be rolled under the tongue like a rare vintage. As for Shakespeare, it is almost an impiety to read in silence words so flam- ingly meant to be mouthed. It is perhaps a sound criticism of much modern poetry that it will not stand the test ; that it repudiates its origins and utters things perfectly incompre- hensible at the first reading—and sometimes also at the *n*th.

In every direction the observant eye can trace the cleavage between the literature of the ear and the literature of the eye. As the eye is now the predominant partner (or was, until the B.B.C. entered the lists as champion for the ear), most of modern literature has been addressed to it, with high gain to its logic and intellectual appeal. As its ultimate product we have the literature of the typewriter, that unemotional machine which has the uncanny knack of turning out purely unemotional literature.

Whether the intervention of the B.B.C. will mean a revival of the art of the spoken word it is still too early to say. Its dramas have not been very successful, but that is a form of art which has never attempted to appeal to the ear alone. Its talks have undoubtedly been greatly appreciated, even on the topics that might have been thought less popular, and its readings of verse have opened the eyes of many to what poetry is. In this matter it has done much to establish the charm of the beautiful voice as an aid to understanding.

An important point not to be overlooked is that the ear carries more conviction than the eye because it introduces a social element where the other excludes it. If one recalls the Ministerial appeals at the time of the national emergency in 1931, one realizes the vast difference in the effect upon the mind of the hearer as compared with the effect of the same statement as printed in the following morning's papers. The new dictators of the world have not been slow to recognize the importance of wireless not only in disseminating their views, but, to put it familiarly, in "keeping in touch" with the nation. The sound of the voice establishes a relation of an intimacy which could never be achieved through the printing-press ; it has, indeed, an essential friendliness where the other has only the businesslike click of machinery. It may be that the radio

era will yet abate the animosities of politics—even of nations, though there the language is a difficulty. It is possible that there would have been fewer theories of diabolism on both sides in the 'eighties if Gladstone and Disraeli had been able to speak not only from the House and from the platform, but on the ether. We recall Lamb's expostulation:—"How can I hate the man? I know him!" Lamb was a saintly soul, but it is certain that the atmosphere of charity can be better encouraged by the friendly wireless than by the cold indifference of print.

On the general issue of Ear *versus* Eye, it is not possible to come to any conclusion, for the new appeal to the ear is yet in its infancy. But it seems possible that the Listener may once again take his original place as the typical member of the community, partly, as has been suggested, because it is the easier appeal, and partly because it is the more human and natural. It would be far-fetched to represent it as a facet of the new revolt against machinery, for the radio is as much a machine as the printing-press, though it bears a more ethereal stamp than the underground monsters of Tudor Street.

Nor can we yet say how far the B.B.C.'s operations will affect the wider business of authorship. It seems probable that if Dickens were alive the Corporation would have bargained with him for the air rights of his next novel, to be disseminated to the public in radio form. If another writer arose who was so much in demand that people clamoured for his latest chapter on their deathbeds the point might be put to the test. For a long time the grown-up has been denied the legitimate pleasure which every child feels in having a story told to him, and that disability may be on the point of being removed. And it may be that a certain gap in human intercourse, which we had felt but not realized, may be filled up. We have read: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." A more literal generation might have argued that that was a more definite obligation than any such after-thought as, "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

SOUTH AFRICA: THE NEW PHASE

BY CAPTAIN H. BIRCH REYNARDSON, C.M.G.

DURING recent months a certain amount of attention has been devoted in the Press to the "Status Bill" lately before the Union Parliament, and here and there there have been comments—in one case, at least, somewhat ill-informed—purporting to indicate the constitutional implications of the proposed legislation. The opinion expressed in the majority of papers, however—to wit that the purport of the Bill is no more than to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of the Statute of Westminster—is substantially correct; and it may be wondered why a measure so seemingly harmless should have raised so much feeling in the country of its origin. To furnish a complete explanation would necessitate embarking on a full history of South Africa, at least from the days of the second Boer War; but some attempt to indicate the temperament which is responsible will perhaps afford a useful insight into factors which are still powerful elements in the political life of South Africa, and without some idea of which so much in that Dominion can be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

Be it said immediately, then, that there has not been in any sense of the term a political or constitutional crisis in South Africa—merely an ebullition, largely from extreme sources, of an age-old antagonism. But though the sources, and the spokesmen, may be extreme, the burden of their argument is typical.

The history of South Africa in its outline is sufficiently familiar to the average reader to permit of generalization. And as a generalization it may be allowed that at least for twenty or thirty years preceding Union (1910) the British, often in real fact, and generally in their own estimation, were "top dogs" in Southern Africa. Consequently the English-speaking section of

the population, quite naturally and as a matter of habit, developed a "superior" attitude. Natural—but rather irritating.

If there is a top-dog, there must be an under-dog ; and here again, the attitude of the under-dog became almost as natural and as much a matter of habit. In the spheres of government, administration, commerce, and culture, the Dutch South African for a time seemed scarcely aware of the mutual positions, or, with a few exceptions, seemed scarcely to question the arrangement, even if he noticed it. Then gradually, almost mysteriously, things began to change. On the one side, the opportunities conferred by the newly-acquired Dominion Status were recognized, and at times perhaps rather avidly seized ; new powers were realized, perhaps rather brusquely exercised. On the other side there was a little jealousy, a good deal of condescension, perhaps some fear that powers were being, or would be, misused. After all, the "Union" was just four British Colonies—wasn't the Union to remain British, rather, English ?

Yes. Therein lay so much of the trouble. For the English-speaking people of South Africa came, and were still coming, from a colonizing stock. Many of them were comparatively recent arrivals, and the majority of one or two generations residence. They had not as yet developed any second loyalties ; how could they ?

But the Dutch-speaking were quite different. Of them the great majority were 17th and 18th century immigrants from Holland and France, who had long ago cut themselves adrift. South Africa was their home, their only fatherland, to which alone they professed, and practised, loyalty. And more than half their South Africa had recently been conquered by the British.

The political rupture had begun in 1912 when Hertzog, over just such issues as these, left Botha's Government and went out into the wilderness. Then came the War, and the Rebellion : and its suppression. They were primary factors, as powerful in their results as they were complex, and themselves giving rise to complexities innumerable, from which one stands out supreme—Nationalism.

This is not the place to attempt any definition of that curious phenomenon which has shown itself in almost every country since the war ; that craving for "independence"—spiritual

and cultural and economic isolation—after a cataclysm which, if it proved nothing else, proved at least how terribly interconnected and inter-dependent the world is. Possibly it is some kind of reaction or resentment against the irresistible force of logic. At any rate, it grew apace in South Africa—it blazed and ran riot in a hundred directions. And in view of past events, what wonder that it meant only one thing, or seemed to—this mania for isolation, independence, self-expression? Indeed, it could be realized in only one way; and that one way seemed to many of the English-speaking people to entail damage to all they held dear. For their loyalties extended beyond the shores of Africa; their language, their habits, their culture had their living roots so far beyond the Cape and the Limpopo: why should they all be squeezed into the South African pot—or out of it for that matter?

During the decade from 1920 the squeezing process began, reached its zenith, and then rather suddenly the pressure relaxed. But during that period the English-speaking people came to realize very acutely that, whatever they were, they were not top-dogs. Most of them, coming from a practical and easy-going stock, readjusted their outlook, sized up the situation quite calmly and, realizing that men with grievances are seldom effective, ceased to grumble overmuch.

And the Dutch-speaking, or rather the Afrikaans-speaking, section? Perhaps it was natural that there was a tendency to get their own back and to turn the tables with rather a clatter. The gospel was "equal rights" for both languages and both sections of the population, and for the cultures and ideals of each: an unexceptionable ideal, but one which most certainly required time for its detailed realization, if justice and efficiency were not to be endangered. As it was, there was a tendency to rush things and to indulge in a good deal of "hot-gospeiling", with the result that too often a sense of proportion was lost and views became distorted. On one side there was an impression that the Nationalist Government paid little heed to the claims and sentiments of those who spoke English; on the other, a gleeful and triumphant conviction that Afrikaans was the key to all favours. Both sides *may* have been wrong; but that was what they thought.

It has been said above that the pressure rather suddenly relaxed. This was partly due to the fact that a few of the wiser heads on either side were becoming anxious, if not actually alarmed, at the continual exacerbation of feelings ; but largely the economic situation was responsible. The gold standard policy of the Union Government, though not originally adopted, as is commonly believed, with any idea of " twisting the lion's tail ", had by the middle of 1932 not only become suspect and the subject of much bitterness, but had landed the country in a nasty economic mess. Then, owing to a political phenomenon into which it is unnecessary to enter here, the Government of the day was not only forced off gold, but induced also to modify its outlook and its demeanour in other respects.

Just as intransigence and jealousy and suspicion had been catching, so was moderation catching. It spread, it became the fashion ; and the atmosphere began to change. Despite the prophecies of the economic theorists, South Africa began to cheer up economically, too. Farmers could sell again in oversea markets, the gold-premium brought a rush of activity to the Rand, and prices did not rise unduly for the urban populations. But there were political dangers in the offing. Perhaps it was in order to avoid these and to encourage the sparks of prosperity, perhaps it was because the politicians realized that the country at large was in a mood for peace and prosperity ; but at any rate the blessed word " coalition " became suddenly current, and, almost as suddenly, Coalition was achieved. Hertzog and Smuts, at enmity for twenty years, joined hands and agreed. It was a great day for South Africa.

This is but a very brief and incomplete summary of the domestic history of the Union during the last twenty years or so, an attempt to simplify and generalize a story full of detailed complexities. But possibly it may go some way to clear up the many misunderstandings of past events and of the present tendencies of South Africa which seem to exist in Great Britain.

Although a great, and one may hope permanent, step forward was made when the Coalition Government was formed last year, there must in the very nature of things still be some obstacles in the way. Suspicions and jealousies, some of them justified and all of them deep-rooted, cannot vanish altogether in a year,

though the latest news of "fusion" between the South Africa and Nationalist parties, and the proposed terms, give food for hope. There will almost certainly be recrudescences of "feeling" in the future, such as have recently taken place among the die-hards and extremists on both sides ; but to an ever-increasing extent, it may be hoped, the majority within South Africa will hold aloof from such misguided "leaders", and those without will appreciate them at their true worth.

Racial suspicion and racial jealousy are a tragedy, and unmitigated evils, but that is not to say that they were unintelligible or unnatural in the past. The future alone can show whether they must persist ; and fortunately there is much to be said for the optimists, much "on the side of the Angels". In that vast country of such natural beauties of scenery and climate, of such enthralling interests, of such diverse potentialities—and, be it added, of such difficult problems—it is almost inconceivable that the two European sections can remain for ever sundered and sullen. They have too much in common ; for the future, with the blindfold impartiality of Justice, offers either prosperity or disaster to the whole ; and no "sections" need apply.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT marked perhaps a turning point at Geneva, when M. Barthou, abandoning the conventions of the place, attacked Sir John Simon with rough raillery. For the last twelve or fifteen years England has played the leading role on that stage; and

A Turning Point at Geneva?

France has endeavoured, often unwillingly, to conform to England's lead, because there was always the hope—of which England not only thought but talked constantly—that America might be brought in, and so close the most formidable gap in the defences of the new order. It is seen now by all Europe that the purely negative policy to which Europe under these auspices was asked to commit itself had no value as an assurance: this was felt the more as risks grew more apparent. Moreover, France, enquiring into the concrete facts, probably discovered that England had gone so far with its policy of disarmament as to shut out the possibility of giving early help in a crisis. On the other hand, a new prospect had opened. Russia, seriously concerned about Japan, is anxious to have a friendly Europe in her rear; and traditional lines of policy suggested the linking Russia to France. Geneva afforded a congenial ground for the Russian exercise of dialectic, and the Soviet's speakers can claim to be consistent about disarmament: the only logical solution is to make it complete. But even then, as Russia is not slow to point out, you have not abolished the chance of war. Russia accordingly throws itself on the side of the French contention that if the League is to be effective, the members of it must guarantee action against an aggressor, and must define aggression. What attitude may be taken by the smaller states is uncertain for the moment; it is clear that so far, accepting the fact of British leadership at Geneva, they have dismissed the idea of

sanctions as impossible, because Great Britain was opposed to it. If, however, that idea is practically taken up by two Powers so great as Russia and France, the whole situation will alter. We may admit that it is difficult to get a completely watertight definition of what constitutes aggression ; we cannot deny that any project for general action against an aggressor is extraordinarily difficult to plan, and that one formidable and determined Power must possess great advantage against a coalition, not formed expressly with any direction, but simply called into existence as a *posse comitatus*.

It does not follow that nothing can be done. Nothing ever would be done, if nothing were attempted against attempting which nothing could be plausibly said. Nothing of great importance and difficulty ever is done except by people who feel the doing of it urgent for themselves ; and hitherto the pace at Geneva has been determined by a nation which was not under the stimulus of fear. What Great Britain felt urgently was the need to avoid wasteful expenditure, and on this impulse she acted, hoping that others would follow. But fear stopped them. Now it seems probable that concerted action to limit the chances of aggression will be undertaken ; and the French have already, years ago, outlined a scheme in which responsibility for action will be limited by the zones of fear. Less, under this scheme, is to be asked of England than of the continental nations ; less still of America.

**Concerted
Action**

Those who frame such a project can count with entire security that if it is put into operation it will have British support when need arises, pledged or unpledged. They may at least hope for the same from the United States. One may try to consider now how forces shape themselves.

As facing the United States, England has been obliged to assert a solidarity with Europe. Mr. Chamberlain refuses to pay the American debt because if he did so he must undo what was done (at the urgent insistence of the United States), and must revive demands on other European nations. A general review of the financial position as between the United States and Europe

is needed, and manifestly it will not be undertaken until America is convinced that her interest lies in establishing a claim not merely in law but in justice. For the present, however, the United States may be left out of view—except indeed by Russia, which could count on useful backing there if Japan were an aggressor.

Continental observers are inclined to believe that Russia will not willingly make war anywhere, for fear of internal dangers that might arise. On the other hand, no student of modern history can have any such feeling about Japan. There was probably in Japan, after the war, a desire to live up to the fullest standard of modern civilization, and modern civilization proposed to regard war as barbarous. Since then, the course of things has brought Japan back to its own traditional lines. Those who know the country say that Japan will not talk of war ; it need not appeal to Thor and Odin ; but that its navy in fact is permanently mobilized, that its destroyers practise always at full speed, and its big guns are never stinted of rounds. The cost is not counted. On old-fashioned principles, Japan has every justification for war of conquest ; she needs territory. Manchuria has not a climate where Japanese can thrive. But beyond Manchuria in Eastern Siberia is a land, largely empty, which is said to be suited to the Japanese way of life. The Russian attitude at Geneva and towards Europe will be shaped by a perception of these facts, and also by the fact that neither England nor the United States can attack Japan by sea or attempt a blockade of Japan with any prospect of success, owing to the lack of naval bases.

On the other hand, financial pressure could be exercised by Europe as well as by America, and if Russia were an active member of the League of Nations and Japan in revolt against the League, that pressure would more probably come into play.

Assuming that Russia either joins the League, or convinces Europe of its pacific intentions, the Eastern States of Europe are liberated from fear on that side. This does not entirely make for strength in the Little Entente. Poland has come to terms with Germany. If Poland is also without fear of Russia, Poland has the more freedom to quarrel with its neighbours, and there is a bone of contention. Poland with its territory and

population claims to be treated as a Great Power ; its neighbours are not disposed to deal except on a footing of equality. Such contentions envenom relations. Yet in the long run, facts tell. Is it conceivable that Poland, holding the Corridor and Upper Silesia, can be free from fear of Germany ? Again, the Little Entente has been materially strengthened because of the recent crisis in Bulgaria. The new Government there appears determined to end its quarrel with Yugoslavia. Continental observers regard this as a check to Italian policy and to that extent again as forwarding the French interest and making it better worth while for the Little Entente to consolidate friendship with France.

There remains the problem of Hungary, which is also the problem of Austria. Many considerations, but chiefly anger against the post-war settlement, induce Hungary to throw in its lot with Germany ; and if so, Austria's independence becomes increasingly menaced—if indeed, which is uncertain, Austria continues to desire independence, and does not prefer inclusion. But if Austria makes for inclusion in a Greater Germany, what is likely to happen to Hungarian independence ?—and no European nation is more fiercely conservative of its separate national existence than this one to which the great war brought curtailment of territory, but even through mutilation, at least and at last, complete freedom.

**The Problem
of Hungary**

It must be Italy's interest to act in a way that still discourages the dream of a Germany including all that ever was or could be called German, and her action towards Hungary must be dictated by a desire to preserve Austria's independence.

Meanwhile, with Europe at least planning some means to safeguard its own security, it should be noted that France, so often accused of being impracticable, has taken steps to put out one lighted match. Manifestly the interests of safety demanded that the Saar question should be settled with the least possible delay. It is proof of strength in M. Doumergue's Government that it should feel able to come to any agreement with Germany in the present state of affairs ; just as it proved Herr Hitler's real command that he could agree with Poland.

Fortunately, on the other side of Europe there is a centre of prudent and bold statesmanship to count on. President

Masaryk has been for the third time re-elected to the headship of his State—the election this time taking place in the great hall of the Castle at Prague. I counsel all who wish to be informed about the period in which we live to read a book in which Karel Capek most skilfully presents to us this very great man. It is called *President Masaryk tells his Story*, and is really a gathering up and stringing together of Masaryk's own conversation, as he recalled the passages of a life that began nearly eighty-five years ago. But briefly, it is the story of a man, born into serfdom, the son of a coachman and a cook, who first became one of the leaders of European thought, and finally, from the dismembered fragments of the unwieldy Great Power by which he and his were held enserfed, built a new nation, which should be a chief guardian in Europe of civilized freedom.

“We shall always be a small minority in the world” (here is one extract from this book of talk recorded) “but when a small nation accomplishes something with its limited means, what it achieves has an immense and exceptional value, like the widow's mite.”

What Masaryk's nation has accomplished under his guidance is to show that even in the most difficult conditions freedom of the individual can be preserved without sacrifice of national efficiency. Dictatorship means surrender; it is a confession of national incompetence. Yet, if anywhere it might have seemed a necessity, it was in a state for which twenty years ago no common name existed; whose very elements had to be determined in the chaos of European War, and had to be determined by citizens then living outside its boundaries; and whose elements must, from the historic facts, be unlike to one another, lacking the natural sympathies that bind together a homogeneous people. Yet this State to-day is one of the pillars on which rest what remains from the shaken fabric of European democracy. France and England, Switzerland and Belgium are unshaken; across the north from Denmark to Finland runs a belt of free institutions; but in the east and centre where, except in Masaryk's country, is there democratic freedom?

To understand Masaryk's work, what he had to do and how he did it, one must read at least his *Making of a State*. Yet

**The Maker
of a State**

to understand the man is perhaps even more important, and that is easier in Mr. Capek's presentment of him. The essential characteristic is modesty. Whoever has had the least experience of revolutions will know how revolutions are hag-ridden by jealousy: jealousy between men, jealousy between sections—and here the sections were races. Modesty was, of course, another expression of fundamental reasonableness; and this revolution-maker was a moderate, a man who could always see both sides. Freedom to him meant something more than abolishing an inequality; it meant establishing fair play, and that can only be done by men who keep their heads. All the hysteria of "slogans" was distasteful to him, and since Czechoslovakia gained a voice in Europe, it has been a voice disciplined, controlled and reasonable. The slogans in this Slav country were apt to be slogans of Slavdom; it was to Russia that the Czechs looked for liberation. But this leader of thought had in the course of a long life learnt half the languages of Europe and familiarized himself with every people whose tongue he knew. "We must open our windows to foreign influences: very good, but then we must open all our windows, and all our doors too." The conclusions he formed about Russia did not lead him to look there for guidance. Slav he might be, but his outlook was Western. Marriage to an American woman (with French blood in her) helped to determine the preferences to which reading—"voracious" reading—had led him. Indeed the whole tribe of professors, who bear a bad name among men of action and men of affairs, are under deep debt to Masaryk; for he showed that a professor can be man of affairs and man of action. Idealist always, he kept the peasant shrewdness and contact with realities. Marvell's lines about Cromwell here have full application:—

"So much can one man do
That does both act and know."

But there was in this idealist little of the Ironside, nothing of the Old Testament fanatic; he was a humanist who is also a humanitarian:—

"Humanitarianism is not the old style philanthropy ; philanthropy only helps here and there, but real love of humanity seeks to amend the state of things by process of law. If that is Socialism, so much the better."

**The Philosopher
at the Helm**

It is good to realise that to the East of Europe there lives one citadel for the humanist and humanitarian. "Folk develop side by side, each for himself ; they cannot influence one another except as friends who understand each other. The main thing is to look after oneself, to control and perfect oneself and leave others to do the same."

He does not agree with Hitler or with Mussolini about the glorifying effects of combat ; but his pacifism has its limits in commonsense. "If a man attacks me and tries to kill me, I shall defend myself ; if one of us has got to be killed, let it be the one who originated the evil thought." Freedom is worth defending. "If anyone tries to get the better of us by force, we must not give in. Not to give in, that is the great thing."

That is a steady and steady voice ; and the outline given in Capek's book, or the fuller detail in *The Making of a State*, enables us to judge a little over what obstacles this indomitable man forced his way. It is not merely that there is no braggadocio ; on the contrary, everywhere one is conscious of under-statement. "Anyone who understands how to read will find me between the lines of my books", he is made to say at the close of one of Capek's chapters. But Capek makes the reading easier, and it is well worth while. This man, and the State that he has made, the State that by its free choice has kept him continuously at the helm, are of the kind that European freedom stands for, and towards which European freedom is aimed. Those who are looking for guidance will find it of service to ascertain, at a parting of the ways, by which way Masaryk is leading Czechoslovakia.

A portrait on the cover of Capek's book shows us the professor ; spectacles somewhat mask the strength. But in the stone hall at Prague under the Gothic vaulting there is a statue by Mestrovicz which, with its slightly cubistic treatment, brings out the weight and solidity of that great head set on square, massive shoulders. Yet neither of them gets what is apparent in every line of Capek's book—the genial, simple and friendly

humanity of an old man who gladly remembers his boyhood, and trauuncies and even its whippings, but turns away from thoughts of all the bloodshed, dark danger and treachery that had to be faced and lived through.

Not many men have made a fortune in business and also a reputation in literature ; not many have simply by writing books attained to political influence and con-

F. S. Oliver sideration. F. S. Oliver, who died this month, accomplished all these things, starting with nothing but his brains and a good education ; and yet to rate him by this achievement would miss his real distinction. Those who knew him put the man himself far above the success he won. No man that I ever knew seemed to me so perfectly adapted to the business of parliament, from which a physical disability barred him. He was a most remarkable writer on politics, yet I think would have developed greater gifts as a practical statesman. But on one side of life at least there was full development : Oliver had a genius for friendship, and a genius for social intercourse ; his success in business enabled him to make his various houses centres for a varied and distinguished circle. What gave his position a singularity almost extravagant according to the standards of our generation, was his choice of a career. For those who belonged to the professional classes in the latter half of last century, manufacturers had their position assured, but business when it meant shop-keeping was on another footing. To be a wine merchant, or a tea merchant, might pass ; but drapery—as well be a tailor. Oliver with his degree in law at Cambridge, went to the bar and was in chambers ; but after adopting that profession with keen interest (his legal training was a live reality), he gave it up for business ; and business meant drapery.

He had, however, every reason to disregard conventional standards ; although the chance of friendship with Mr. Ernest Debenham decided the particular road which led him to riches, he had, before the offer was made of an opening in Debenham & Freebody's, decided to return to the way of life which had been his father's. No man could have more deeply respected the

environment in which he grew up, though at every point he broke away from it.

He was to be a leader of Conservative thought; he grew up in the straitest sect of Victorian Liberalism. John Bright, his mother's uncle, was naturally revered in the family; but in that Scottish race of cultivated business men Mr. Gladstone was worshipped. Oliver said to me that till he was twenty he read every word of every one of Gladstone's speeches, and that when he was seventeen his father took away from him a book on Disraeli by Brandes, because it might corrupt his faith. But there must have been good companionship between this austere Liberal and his ardent son; Oliver has often quoted to me his father's views and practice in the difficult art of upstream worm-fishing.

**A Leader
of Thought**

I do not think that either Sir Austen Chamberlain, another friend of Cambridge days, or his famous father could claim to have converted the Gladstonian to a Disraelism outlook. More likely he was before them. At all events, from Cambridge days he and Charles Whibley were good comrades. Sparring partners, no doubt; both loved disputation, and perhaps no two of that generation were more admired as talkers. But Oliver never wielded Whibley's bludgeon; he gave point; and they were home thrusts. Besides, he had a tolerance and a breadth of view which Whibley would never have desired to emulate. Unlike most converts he retained sympathy for the views and prepossessions in which he had been reared. Probably he was for that reason of more value in a time when coalition was necessary than any historian is ever likely to discover; for between 1914 and 1918 he played a very considerable though almost entirely unofficial part. Certainly he was much concerned in the pushing and pulling which led to the superseding of Mr. Asquith; and unlike many others, however he might disapprove Mr. Lloyd George's later proceedings, he never altered his estimate of the man who, in his judgment, won the War. He might have written brilliantly indiscreet memoirs; characteristically he preferred to illustrate his political views from events that had no topical appeal.

His public career, in so far as he had a public career, did not begin until he was past forty, with the publication of his *Alexander Hamilton*. Before that I, for in-

A Classic stance, only knew that he was one of the very few who wrote very good letters. The *Hamilton* was, one may say, attained the rank of a classic both in America and in this country. In the War, when he was employed in the direction of propaganda, he wrote his *Ordeal by Battle*, which, in later years, he regarded with some distaste as "a pamphlet". But it was probably the most effective piece of occasional writing published under stress of that formidable occasion. His other book, *The Endless Adventure*, may be called a political testament, taking the shape of a Life of Sir Robert Walpole. It is perhaps the most characteristic expression of his mind, but it suffers from being a sick man's work; it lacks drive and speed, still these are qualities which the essay can dispense with; and it is in strictness a long historical essay.

The flaw in his armour was lack of health. Even in his teens he had to voyage to the Antipodes in hope to cure lung trouble; and there was no complete cure. He could fish indeed, and fished joyfully till he was fifty; but to face the atmosphere of crowded rooms was impossible for him. This put out Parliament. It was a great loss. So much judgment combined with so much enterprise, so much knowledge and so much original thought, so sure an insight into character, such a power of witty pregnant speech—above all, so much natural authority—it was too much for the State to lose.

The close of his life had a natural fitness. Always lavish in providing himself with houses, he had bought during the War a beautiful old place on one of the waters that fall from the Cheviot range into the Jed. Sir Walter used to visit there, and no one that I ever knew was a more devoted lover of Waverleys—and of their author—than this Border Scot, Edinburgh bred. He had the country in his bones—shrewd instincts for farming; though he spent probably too much money on his land, the land is the better and will stay the better for his possession of it; and one of the things that consoled him for giving up his farm when health failed was the high rent

fetches when local farmers bid against each other for his improved land. Forestry he loved, and hill-slopes, fir-clad and oak-clad, will bear the trace of him for a century. Seeing him there, one saw at once the Scots lawyer turned laird in his old years; and the nobility of his head was not impaired by the illness that checked every movement and forced him to husband and eke out every little ounce of strength. He had to deny himself all—above all the exercise of his greatest pleasure and his greatest gift—conversation. *Si qua fides dubiis*, there is a great welcome for him now among those whom he loved to talk with. Charles Furse, Charles Whibley, the brilliant soldier whom all his friends knew as Johnny Gough, Sir Henry Wilson, and very likely, too, the august shade of Joseph Chamberlain will gather to hear from him, set out with pungent commentary, the news of the world.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GOOD SECONDS

by HENRY W. NEVINSON

VICTORIAN WALLFLOWERS, by
Malcolm Elwin. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

To deride the Victorian Age is a commonplace affectation, and recent critics, like beggars mounted, have joined in screaming their mockery. They laugh at the Victorian primness, heroics, sentiment, and decent reserve, which they call hypocrisy. And yet in the Victorian Age the English intellect, for its variety of high achievement, reached a point unsurpassed by any other in its history. If critics sneer and scoff at the evidences of English intellect between 1830 and 1900, nothing can help them. They must be left to deride the Athenian intellect during the century of its greatness.

But behind the greatest writers and thinkers, Mr. Elwin has recognized a crowd of lesser lights. He calls them, rather fantastically, "Wallflowers", as though they sat along the side of a great ballroom, almost unnoticed except by the few who took pity on their desolation, while the best and loveliest dancers went whirling round the floor. I should prefer to call them "Good Seconds", like the horses who have never won the Derby, the Oaks, or the Grand National, but have made a struggle in the race, and are still remembered for something more than defeat. At all events they did better than "Also Ran", and in their day they put up a good fight for their money. Mr. Elwin has here collected a set of fine such "Wallflowers" or "Good Seconds", but in describing them he

has a lot to say about less famous writers who were almost as well known in their time.

I admit the "Good Seconds", like "Wallflowers", call for some pity. "They came so near, so very, very near", as Paracelsus said of the Titans, and in many cases they thought they really "got there". At the present day one may still meet really "Good Seconds", always longing for recognition, always hoping to reach a winning-post, like Galsworthy, Wells, or Shaw, and well deserving to be collected a century hence by some patient treasure-seeker like Mr. Elwin. It would be harsh to call him a scavenger or even an excavator, for what he has found is always more interesting for beauty or strangeness than the discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees, and the valuable relics are of our own country and almost of our own age. Ordinary readers will have heard of them all. Even I who have read fewer novels than any other reader in this country have known them all except perhaps William Maginn, the typical, brilliant, rollicking Irishman of old Fleet Street, and even with him I can claim some connection. For he founded *Fraser's Magazine*, and I believe I am the last man living who sent an article for the editor's approval. It was in defence of Carlyle when he was being shamefully maligned. The editor rejected it, and yet *Fraser's Magazine* died within a month. At a dinner which started it in 1834, among a crowd of distinguished writers present were

Thackeray, Carlyle, Southey, Coleridge, Harrison Ainsworth, Hogg, Lockhart, Count d'Orsay, and Allan Cunningham.

"Patient" is certainly the right word for Mr. Elwin. The labour entailed in gathering the materials for the book must have been long and painful. The amount of reading required was overwhelming. As an ordinary reader, I am appalled at the thought of the serialised novels, the essays and criticisms, the ancient magazines, the fragments of biography, and the embittered wranglings that the author must have spent his time in fishing out from last century's Dead Sea. To myself there is a special pathos in his record of those personal wranglings, now all fallen silent. Criticism was harsher in those days, as all readers of Hazlitt's essays know. Mr. Elwin gives a lot of space to "Christopher North" (John Wilson), the athletic, robustious, domineering partner in *Blackwood's*, now chiefly remembered through Tennyson's epigram in answer to a criticism of his early poems, "mingling praise and blame":

"When I heard from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame;
I could not forgive the praise,
Musty Christopher."

But cruel as the epigram was one should remember what Christopher North himself used to say of other writers. In a number of his famous *Noctes* (1825) he describes Brougham as "a Billingsgate fishwife", Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt as "soap-bubbles", Southey as "bad, bald, mean, and miserable, alike as poet and in person"; Scott as "a tame and feeble writer, except when his martial soul is up"; Wordsworth's *Excursion* as "the worst poem of any character in the English language"; while the poet is compared with "the bluestocking poetesses", is said "to labour like a whale spouting", and to "have the appearance of a Methodist preacher". Yet Mr. Elwin admits

that at his best Christopher North ranks with Hazlitt, Lamb, and Thackeray in the first flight of periodical essayists.

William Maginn, the original of Captain Shandon in *Pendennis*, follows; then the Rev. R. H. Barham, the fluent rhymester of *Ingoldsby*; then Harrison Ainsworth, whose account of Dick Turpin's ride to York (perhaps borrowed from the similar exploit of my distinguished ancestor the highwayman, John Nevins, who was ultimately hanged in York gaol) was written to 25,000 words in 24 hours; then John Forster, now only remembered for his *Life of Dickens*, but a portentous figure among the writers of his time; then Wilkie Collins, creator of the "thriller" with his *Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*, also an intimate friend of Dickens, too intimate to please Forster; then Mrs. Henry Wood, whose incredible story of *East Lynne* has sold beyond all calculation; then R. D. Blackmore, whose success with *Lorna Doone* has obscured the later works of which Mr. Elwin thinks very highly; Charles Reade, Whyte Melville, Smedley, and many others intervene, all good, all famous in their day; but last comes Ouida, of whom Mr. Elwin writes:

"The end of Ouida's career is symbolic of the end of the Victorian era; she died in 1908, a tawdry, bedraggled scrap of derelict wreckage, defiantly wearing her tattered and old-fashioned finery in surroundings of accumulating ruin, while raucously vociferating the wisdom of her superficial cynicism and ludicrously confident of her suppositious genius."

In the conclusion of his book, Mr. Elwin goes on to say that Ouida's worthlessness and artificiality typify the taste and mentality of the new reading public, created by industrial development and cheap education.

That makes a dismal outlook for us writers, and yet I know many who are sane, humorous, and even decent, but who, none the less, continue to live.

THE THIRD REICH

by JOHN HALLETT.

HISTORY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM, by Konrad Heiden. Methuen. 15s.

This volume, which will be indispensable to English students of National Socialism, has been put together from two German books by the same author, one written in 1932, the other at the end of last year. His fact accounts for a certain lack of clarity. Although the translator gives many clues, it is not difficult to guess which sections belong to 1932 and which to the first months of 1933; and the second datum is incomparably richer than the first. Writing before Hitler's triumph, Herr Heiden, like most people at that period, had no real conception of the length of his position or of the psychological foundations of his appeal to the German mind. Otherwise he would scarcely have been content to describe his oratory as that of "an office-boy let loose on the dictionary"; and it may be doubted whether, writing in 1934, he could have referred to Captain Röhm's honest and straightforward nature."

Once these criticisms are made, however, I have nothing but praise for this original, lucid and comprehensive book.

Herr Heiden is at his weakest in dealing with personalities, he is at his best in describing Herr Hitler's chequered path to victory and in analysing (in the latter part of the book) the state of feeling which made that victory possible. He is merciless in exposing the vacillations and contradictions of the Nazi programme. In 1920 the party adopted its famous twenty-five points, with their demands for the abolition of unearned incomes, of ground-rents and

of big business. Three years later, the "Leader" was denouncing attacks on private property as one of the "horrors" of Marxism. Since he came into power, he has not only dropped entirely the economic part of the original programme, but has made it clear enough that he has no economic programme at all. Again and again, in the course of his progress, Herr Hitler has lightly made declarations and given undertakings which he has afterwards as lightly abandoned. Is it pure opportunism? Or is Herr Hitler the latest and most perfect embodiment of the principles of statecraft preached by Machiavelli? Herr Heiden seems to incline to the second alternative.

But it is, after all, less important to pierce the many gaping joints in Herr Hitler's harness than to discover the qualities which have enabled him—so surprisingly and so disconcertingly to the outside world—to get away with it. There is no doubt that he has appealed with brilliant success to the famous German inferiority complex—aggravated, but not created, by the war and the peace—to that uneasy feeling that Germany has never been, in the complete sense of the word, a nation. Herr Hitler has made Germany conscious of her nationhood. He has been a tremendous leveller. Politically, he has dressed up the Prussian, the Bavarian and the Saxon in the same brown shirt. A good thick coat of brown paint has covered a multitude of sins—and of polychromatic idiosyncrasies which had hitherto defied unification. Socially, he really has fulfilled his boast—or has come nearer

than anyone else to fulfilling it—that he would abolish class-hatred. Inflation paved the way by wiping out the well-to-do middle class. Herr Hitler has cured the proletariat of their international leanings and the Junkers of their pretension to be a superior caste chosen by the Almighty to rule Germany. His ship of state may seem to be steering a crazy course; but at any rate everyone is in the same boat. You cannot, of course, do without hatred altogether. But Herr Hitler has substituted race-hatred for class-hatred. You must not hate the foreigner—for that might be dangerous. You must not hate your fellow-German (unless he is renegade)—for that would be fatal to the national idea. But you can combine every advantage by hating the Jew.

In fact, if Herr Heiden's book is, consciously and confessedly, an indictment of National Socialism, it is also, perhaps unconsciously, an indictment of that which National Socialism has overthrown. No German, or body of Germans, comes well out of this miserable record of the last three or four years of German history. The Social Democrats emerged with immense prestige from the revolution of November 1918—a revolution which they had not made. For ten years after they were the largest and most compactly organized party in the Reich. They controlled the Prussian state. They were masters of many municipalities. Yet the period of their supremacy was void of any concrete achievement; and they went under, when the Nazis assailed them, without striking a blow. In both respects, they cannot compare with the Austrian Social Democrats, though the latter were confronted from the outset by far stronger hostile forces. The German Communists have proved still more futile. They enjoyed for many years a large membership, and at one time returned some eighty members to the Reichstag. But

they have never performed any function except that of a scarecrow, just effective enough to frighten the more timid and less intelligent members of the middle class into the arms of reaction.

If, however, the Left cannot escape these strictures, what shall be said of the Right? Herr Heiden's narrative shows how, at every point, the German Nationalists have played into the hands of the Nazis, adopting in turn every unpleasant posture—and always in vain—from haughty patronage to abject cringing. They calumniated Dr. Stresemann because, though not one of the chosen, he had dared to govern Germany. They destroyed Dr. Brüning because he threatened, in the throes of the economic crisis, to lay hands on their sacrosanct and heavily subsidized estates. They destroyed General von Schleicher—perhaps for no better reason than that Herr von Papen was jealous of him. No single man has done more than Herr von Papen to bring about the victory of Herr Hitler, who has rewarded him by casting him for the appropriate role of Sancho Panza. Nor can President von Hindenburg be acquitted—except on the score of his extreme old age and of the palpable fact that, since the dismissal of Dr. Brüning, he has been in the hands of advisers who have been always unwise and sometimes unscrupulous. Herr Heiden concludes his book with a vision of the impending downfall of the Nazi régime, and sagely remarks that, if confusion worse confounded is not to ensue, "a movement must already be in existence capable of filling the gap". But where in German political thought and tradition can the beginnings of such a "movement" be found? It is not surprising that many Germans, even among those who were once Herr Hitler's bitterest opponents, have come to feel that the collapse of National Socialism might mean, not the regeneration of Germany, but her irretrievable ruin.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY

by SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

READERS OF EUROPE, by Emil Ludwig. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 18s.

THERE is a certain nobility—I had almost written spirituality—about this book such as I had not hitherto perceived in Herr Ludwig's work. All the world knows that he is a portrait painter of the highest technical skill. He is widely recognized as an artist in words, and a great psychologist. But this book seems to reveal him as something even more than a great artist and a master delineation. Fine portrait painting is not, of course, lacking here. Quite otherwise. Here we have wonderfully lifelike portraits of Nansen and Rathenau, Motta and Masaryk, of Venizelos, Stalin and Mussolini, of Briand and Lloyd George. Of most of these men Herr Ludwig writes with intimate personal knowledge, with deep sympathy, and (generally speaking) with fervid enthusiasm. These qualities are perhaps most noticeable in the portraits of Masaryk, Nansen, Rathenau and Motta. The least noticeable in his analysis of the career and character of Mr. Lloyd George—a chapter to which most English readers will probably turn first. That is unfortunate, for the first impression of the book will be the least favourable, so unfavourable indeed that it may discourage further exploration. With the earlier Lloyd George, the ardent social reformer, the Welsh nationalist, Herr Ludwig seems to be in complete sympathy, perhaps even with the great war minister. Anyway he can write of him: "If Lloyd George had been assassinated in December, 1918, he would have gone down to history as one of the greatest men of our time". That is true; it has indeed, almost passed to a truism. But of the most magnani-

mous incident in that portion of Mr. Lloyd George's career Herr Ludwig makes no mention. He probably does not know it. Few people now living do. But apart from that obscure if important incident I cannot accept Herr Ludwig as an entirely trustworthy commentator on English history. Thus of Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902—one of the most important legislative and administrative achievements of the last half-century Herr Ludwig can write: "... the Conservative Educational Bill which was designed to strengthen the position of the Church of England, *to the detriment of the Nonconformists, especially in Wales*". (The italics are mine.) That the Act was so represented at the time is, of course, true; but most educationists, including most Nonconformists who are not blinded by ecclesiastical prejudice, would now, I imagine, cordially agree that no measure passed since 1871 has done so much for education, and few have done more for local government in general. But enough of a point that is merely incidental.

Let the English reader persevere with the other chapters of the book and he will be richly rewarded. I have been particularly interested in the chapter on Giuseppe Motta, four times President of the Helvetic Republic, and since 1920 its Minister for Foreign Affairs, having held that position "longer than anyone else in the history of the country". The Presidency of the Swiss Confederation is not in itself an important office. It is held in turns by members of the Federal Council, and does not in any way correspond to that of an English Prime Minister, still less to that of an American President. It is, indeed, like the position

of Switzerland in the European Policy, *sul generis*. It is Motta who has given distinction to the office, not the office which has made Motta eminent. Herr Ludwig confesses himself to be of those who hope to "see the example of Switzerland copied by the whole of Europe". That is, I imagine, why he writes so warmly not only of Giuseppe Motta but of Aristide Briand. It is interesting, in this connection, to be reminded that though Geneva is the home of the League of Nations "about half the Swiss population was opposed to the idea of their country taking a part in world politics". Motta, however, is a fervid believer in the latest experiment in the organization of world-peace and persuaded his fellow-countrymen that "the objection of the League of Nations was nothing less than the neutralization, or 'Swissification' of

all the other nations". Yet, more attractive even than the analysis of Motta's opinions is the personal portrait of the statesman himself. I think that I shall re-read this chapter more often than most in this fascinating volume.

Yet, there are other portraits equally beautiful, notably those of Masaryk and Nansen, and (most pathetic of all) that of Dr. Rathenau, though his claim to inclusion among the "Leaders" of Europe might perhaps be disputed. Nansen was, of course, a familiar figure in this country, and greatly loved and admired. So to the *cognoscenti* is Dr. Masaryk. Not everyone, however, will assent to Herr Ludwig's *obiter dicta* in the chapter on Masaryk. Some at least hold that the destruction of the Habsburg Empire has created more problems than it has solved. Consequently they will have more sympathy with Masaryk the federalist or "trialist" than with Masaryk the Czech nationalist. But I must not permit myself to get on to this highly controversial ground.

More to the immediate purpose is it to draw attention to one or two of Herr Ludwig's portraits of the *Rulers of the People* whom he puts in a different category from the *Servants of the People*. On the whole the former are less satisfactory than the latter, who are evidently better known to the author, and with whom he is evidently more in sympathy. The portrait of Stalin, for example, is almost entirely external, and, I should imagine, superficial. That of Mussolini is better, but it is purely personal. It helps to an understanding of the dictator, but very little to an appreciation of the dictatorship, still less of the complexities of the Corporative State. But one ought not perhaps, to look for this. Herr Ludwig is primarily a portrait painter; it is only when he is in complete sympathy with his subject that he becomes the trustworthy historian and political philosopher.

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IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE, by Ford Madox Ford. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.

BROKEN RECORD, by Roy Campbell. *Boriswood*. 7s. 6d.

THESE two autobiographies, one by a member of "the old firm" and the other by a young poet, have little common ground but have certain common characteristics. Both are mixed in their Englishness and accept the English tradition with reservations—being, of course, most proud of the reservations. Both wheel themselves about like a Punch and Judy show, and proceed to thwack and declaim with gusto; and both have decided to defy foul chronology and to dress themselves up in the clothes of any event that pleases them as it comes along. This random literary garment Mr. Ford Madox Ford calls "the time-shift". "You may think you do not like my 'time-shift'", Mr. Ford says, "when the truth is that you do not like me!" Mr. Roy Campbell is lordlier; if you don't like him—and he writes a deal of sentimental stuff about the necessity of Fascism—you are a pedestrian, the degraded creature whom all equestrians, jousters, troubadours and bull-fighters despise. You gather Mr. Campbell is a devil of a fellow and the show keeps up the appropriate pace. Now he is in his native South Africa, now on an island off the Welsh coast; he is back in Rhodesia hunting, then sailing down the Rhone on a barge, working a passage on a Mediterranean steamer—one of the jobs was loading cement over that perilous gang plank at Cassis—fighting bulls in Provence and twisting the tails of literary lions in London. Mr. Campbell hits hard when his Colonial scorn is roused; that is to say, his blows would be good if they landed, but they spend themselves in the air most of the time and the interest wanes. When he has real matter to hand, such as the coming of the sardines to his native

coast, or the memory of some Rhodesian hunt, he can write those pages of clear and sonorous English prose which we expect from the most word-intoxicated poet of our generation. But from his random opinions, heaven protect us—and him.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford is much more the showman, a heavier and more festive fellow than Mr. Campbell, brilliant and laborious. He takes the floor—and this explains why a writer of his calibre, who can draw you an excellent young Galsworthy, a harassed Conrad, a suspicious George Moore and a fulminating Ezra Pound, becomes dull by being too brilliant for his own story. On the other hand, we get a picture of Mr. Ford protesting, enduring, denying, lauding, declaiming, parading and disarming and wandering on, which turns the rest of the circus into a side-show. And the reader will have the satisfaction of thinking that he has discovered things about the character of Mr. Ford which Mr. Ford himself has probably never suspected. An odd thing is autobiography. One of the odd things is his success in the little glimpses he gives of his mother. There has been (apparently) no elaborate working up to the incident—nor does the awful phrase "and here is the point of the story" occur—but they slip out as if by accident, and each is perfect.

Post-war Montparnasse, memories of Kent, Sussex, Campden Hill and New York, pack the book. Most of it is good stuff and all good-humoured. I liked Mr. Ford's habit of attaching the names of his friends to his potato plants; and the gardener's bulletin: "Mr. 'Enery James have picked up proper in the night, but Mr. Conrad do peek and pine and is yellowin'. Mr. Galsworthy's beetles 'ave spread all over Miss Austin . . ." That might have been the text for a picturesque book.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

DETRY DIRECT AND OBLIQUE.
by E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto & Windus.*
Es. 6d.

IE mysteriously simple fact that poetry
ys more than it means, admitted by
everybody who has ever experienced
etry at all, is the basis of Dr. Tillyard's
book; a courageous book if ever there
is one. For till now most critics
ve been content to treat this simple
ct as an axiom, inexplicable and not
ossible to be argued. How simple it is
ay best be seen by an examination of
e first chapter when Dr. Tillyard makes
mparison between the poetic effects of
extract from Goldsmith's *Deserted
Village* and Blake's song of innocence
itled "The Echoing Green." The
Goldsmith he calls poetry of statement
ndirect poetry. But in reading the Blake
perceives that the statements of the
em are not nearly enough to account for
e mysteriously significant and profound

effect of the poem. Blake's words de-
scribe a village holiday: "The sun does
arise, and make happy the skies; the
merry bells ring to welcome the spring
..." His poem, however, portrays, like
music, quiet happiness, satisfaction, the
peace of desire unquestioned and fulfilled.
This undercurrent of feeling, expressed
but *never stated*, Dr. Tillyard calls
obliquity. He finds it an essential of the
highest poetry, and in some degree even
of all poetry—for although he speaks of
poetry of direct statement he does this
only for convenience. Directness and
obliquity are both matters of degree. He
is too modest to claim this as a new
discovery, but at least he has given
criticism two very useful new terms.

One of the most interesting deductions
in the book is, that good poetry of state-
ment, unpretentious well-made possibly
humdrum verse, with no profound inward
implications, is necessary as a soil for the

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production of poetry of the highest obliquity. The reaction against long poems, and against social, satirical or descriptive verse, has reduced all poets since Victorian times to lyric writers. The loss of public interest in poetry may possibly be due to this, a kind of over-indulgence in the intoxications of obliquity, and in a final chapter Dr. Tillyard says that the only hope for poetry today is a return to a good form of social or direct poetry, out of which poets may rise and lift their readers and to which (supposedly) they may return. This is a good thing said, though how it can come about is difficult to foresee. Poetry cannot continue to be intense or nothing; for then there is no point of reference for the intensity. It must be level, then intense, then level again.

But perhaps the best virtue in Dr. Tillyard's book is not his finding words for what we have all been content to feel vaguely, though that is always one function of good criticism, but his discovery of an acceptable explanation of the exquisite pleasure given by melancholy or tragic poetry. This intense joy, always a mystery, Dr. Tillyard very convincingly explains as the release of a primal feeling—the burden of self-consciousness, the *joy* of knowing interrupted by the *fear* of knowing. "It is there, the blight, the burden, call it what you will, and it can only do damage if ignored or suppressed. And conversely, to have it sought out and dragged to the light may give intense joy and relief. Poetry is one of the chief means to this process."

Poetry Direct and Oblique may or may not present a new discovery in criticism. It does not matter much. The book shows a searching eager critic in action, example after example, supremely chosen, is analysed according to standards acceptable to modern scepticism, and a new lease of life to enjoy poetry again is given to those to whom it had become tiresomely vague and elusive. FRANK KENDON.

HERE'S ENGLAND, by Dorothy Hartley. *Rich and Cowan*. 9s.

FROM TRACK TO BY-PASS, by T. W. Wilkinson. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S JEWELL, Edited by Marcus Woodward. *Chapman and Hall*. 15s.

MISS HARTLEY knows her England well—no doubt of that. And she knows, too, as nearly as is possible, how to catch the spirit of England in a net of words. Her's is no guide-book; she has merely set down, here and there, now and then, impressions of country people and country ways; and in so doing, because her knowledge of such things is considerable and because she knows how to impart that knowledge easily, conversationally, racily, she has produced a book which is a rare blend of the picturesque and the informative. Read her account of bread-baking in North Wales or her description of an English washing day; and it will be strange if your mouth does not water for Miss Jamie's "proper loaves", or your eye dazzle at the blowing of white sheets on the grass. But Miss Hartley is only half a romantic; she never lets mere imagination get the better of her finely practical sense; no sooner are you set dreaming among the "prettier" aspects of rural life when, pouf! there you are, landed right in the middle of such coarsely matter-of-fact things as cheeses, sheep-washing, peg-making, besoms and waste-paper mills.

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The romance of the English roads is
 now a well-worn subject ; but mostly
 writers who dabbled in it have been
 that class who cannot hear mention
 a Roman place-name but their facile
 ad immediately starts conjuring up
 ghosts of eagle-crested legions. Mr.
 kinson, the newest comer in this
 ular field, is not of that kind. He
 ws his subject from A to Z, or,
 ner, from Roman road to Georgian
 pass ; and for him the romance of the
 cl lies less in what the imagination
 poses than in what history tells for
 e. Perhaps this is because he has a
 re than ordinary practical experience
 roads. "He set out to tramp the
 ntry as a reporter", his publisher
 us. "At first he was an ordinary
 mp, a vagabond, lodging in work-
 eses and breaking stones. His
 nderings took him all over England."
 book shows the vagaries of road-
 ding in this country, from pre-
 oric "ways", through the paved,
 hed or gravelled Roman roads to
 Ford and Macadam ; it tells in some
 ail the history of our turnpike system ;
 it has an interesting section on
 He-posts and mile-stones.

The Countryman's Jewell is sub-titled
 says in the Life of a Sixteenth-
 tury Squire"; more accurately, it is
 compilation of extracts from the
 int writings of Squire Mascall, of
 mpton Place, in Sussex, strung
 ethoder with a fanciful commentary by
 editor. In common with most
 ires of his day, Leonard Mascall had
 e very odd notions about the country-
 over which he (no doubt) lorded it ;

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his writings, therefore, are more inter-
 esting today for their fancy than for
 their fact. Thus : "March violets", he
 says, "are good for the headach which
 commeth of to much drinking, and
 procure sleep. He that shall have taken
 a blow upon the head so that it hath
 astonished him, shall not have any
 greater hurt if he drinke violet flowres
 stampd and continue the same drinke
 for a certaine time". And the water
 of lilies "doth take away the wrinkles of
 womens faces and make them look very
 faire and white". Similarly, eye-bright,
 which "delighteth in a leane ground and
 shadowed place", is singularly good
 "against the dimnes, waterishnes, catar-
 act, rheume and weaknes of the eies";
 and periwinkle leaves, "if you make a
 collar thereof to put about your necke or
 a garland for your head or if you put
 them under the toong", will stay the
 bleeding of the nose. Nor is the squire's
 advice on the conduct of the more mun-
 dane affairs of farm-life any less
 fantastic ; as when, for instance, he
 recommends for an ox that has a head-
 ache : "bray garlicke in wine and make
 him let it down through his nostrils ;
 after bathe all his head with the deco-
 tion of the leaves of sage, marierom,
 lavender, rue, bay and walnut leaves in
 wine". But of such, apparently, were the
 foundations of English farming-methods.

C. HENRY WARREN.

SELECTED FICTION

THE ARTIFICIAL PRINCESS, by Ronald Firbank. *Duckworth.* 6s.

EDEN RIVER, by Gerald Bullett. *Heinemann.* 5s.

BOTH these stories belong to the realm of fantasy and they bear witness to the vast extent of that realm, for they are poles asunder. The reader (if such there be) who is bored by the conscious, but never self-conscious, simplicity of *Eden River*, will find a perfect antidote in *The Artificial Princess*, and conversely the reader who is exasperated by the exquisite insincerity of Ronald Firbank will turn with relief to the perfect sincerity of Mr. Gerald Bullett. There will be many readers, however, and I shall be among them, who get a great deal of enjoyment out of both these books.

But we who enjoy both will discriminate in our enjoyment. We shall be fully conscious, while we are being charmed and entertained by Ronald Firbank, that he belongs to a class of writers which never produces great literature. Firbank, in fact, is an entertaining trifle—a cocktail, icy and exotic as a cocktail should be, but none the less a cocktail. He was born out of due time, for his spiritual period is the naughty 'nineties. Yet he is not a mere mimic of the 'nineties: if he were, he would be unbearable. The 'nineties admired themselves and laughed at themselves simultaneously: but Firbank has the advantage in point of time, for while admiring and laughing at himself he can also laugh at the 'nineties and so add another spicy ingredient to the pie. He contrives to get his tongue even further into his cheek than they did, and being at least as clever as they were he is more amusing, though the present story has a flaw—a considerable one—which is, perhaps, the reason why Firbank

never published it. After climbing, like a brilliant rocket, to an alluring Ruritanian climax, it fizzles out: there is no resolving shower of stars. Here are three samples of his wit: he is describing a golden idol—"only a diplomatist could look so much, and mean so little;" a perfume—"that lingered amorously on the air, enfeebling the moral senses, undoing good resolutions—supposing any to have been made;" the Mistress of the Robes—"a Rubens on the verge of becoming a Jordæns from a too ardent admiration of French cookery, and a preference for sleep." Yes, a cocktail, and a good one.

Mr. Bullett is no cocktail. He is a wine, a sound, natural wine of very beautiful quality. *Eden River* is the story of Adam and Eve and their children, but not the Old Testament story. There is no Jehovah, no serpent, no forbidden fruit nor angel with flaming sword. It is, rather, an Arcadian version of the myth, told with a really beautiful simplicity. The story opens with the boy Adam, alone in the garden, falling in love, Narcissus-like, with his own reflexion, and it ends with the aged Adam and Eve still happy and innocent in the garden, but Cain, grown fierce and superstitious since the murder of his brother, gone away across Eden River, taking his unwilling tribe with him. The psychology of male and female, and child and parent is subtly woven into the story with so skilful an unobtrusiveness that it never disturbs the simplicity of the tale. Mr. Bullett has perfectly solved the problem of appropriate style, for the style here always rings true because it is his own, simple, entirely free from archaisms, essentially modern. It is a beautiful piece of work, a prose poem vivid and moving and admirably constructed. MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

I, CLAUDIUS, by Robert Graves.
Barker. 8s.

THE GINGER GRIFFIN, by Ann
Bridge. *Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.*

I, Claudius is a solid achievement, destined for long life. It tells, in the first person, the story of Claudius from childhood to the hour when the omen of his youth was fulfilled, and the unlikely stammering scholar was dragged out of his hiding place and hailed by mocking voices as Emperor. It covers, therefore, the last days of Augustus, the campaigns and death of Germanicus, and the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula.

Mr. Graves has begun by imposing upon himself a severe limitation, which, after the manner of all good artists, he has turned to strength. Adopting a flattened, bare prose style consonant with the character and writings of his hero, he has denied himself the high lights and the flourishes which would have been a lesser writer's paradise. His gain is twofold. First, to relate credibly, and keep as integral parts of a work of art, the fantastic excesses of Tiberius and Caligula demands a severe discipline; and Mr. Graves has chosen the best possible, that of seeing everything through the glass of an unexcited and consistent temperament. Second, the extraordinary passages in the narrative gain immeasurably in vividness from the simplicity with which they are set down. The fights in the arena, the death of Livia, the scene in the bedroom when Caligula first decided that he was a god, are cases in point. There are no purple patches in the book, yet none of its many bizarre and monstrous incidents gets less than its due. This, in the face of such material, argues an astonishing literary tact. An unspectacular but wholly convincing example of Mr. Graves' skill is the way in which he has adapted Tacitus's story of the German campaigns to the wholly different viewpoint and personality of Claudius. Quite apart from the care with which the back-

ground has been studied, work like this is only possible to the writer who really knows his job.

Born a stutterer, so nervous that he bungled every task that was given him, Claudius had to do without affection, and, save in a very few instances, without sympathy. To his ineptitude he owed his life. Had he revealed a spark of real ability, or aptitude for politics, he would have gone the way of Augustus, Germanicus, and the rest. Even so, he came several times very near to extinction. As it was, cherishing on the advice of the wise Calpurnia his post of buffoon, he survived even the madness of his nephew, Caligula. Mr. Graves, without a suspicion of sentimentality, makes Claudius wise, sensitive, humorous, and lovable. Tiberius is painted in dark colours—though, unless Tacitus and Suetonius are to be discredited, nothing else is possible. All

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the same, his good points are fairly put. Even the monstrous Livia emerges as slave to a sense of royal duty. Space, already over-occupied, forbids me to say more; but, if 1934 produces a much better novel than this, it will be an *annus mirabilis*.

Such a book makes anything else seem slight beside it; but *The Ginger Griffin* approaches perfection in its kind. As with Miss Bridge's first success, the scene is Peking, with its temples, its wide, bare landscapes, its European colony, and its horse-racing. In essentials, the story is an old one. Amber Harrison, a visitor, is torn between two worlds. One is typified by George Hawtrey—safe, obvious, and kind—the world of all that

Amber likes best. The representative of the other is Rupert Benenden. Both men belong to the Legation, which once more is in the foreground of the picture. Amber is forced to make a choice; and as the tale is told, it seems natural that she should choose the world she knows. Miss Bridge would appear to prefer conventionality, from conviction, i.e., not because it is "the done thing", but because she believes that within its fold a woman can thrive best. Certainly Nugent Grant-Howard, his wife Joanna, and Dickie, are strong arguments for such a creed. The whole thing is exquisitely done, and, within its limits, could hardly be bettered.

L. A. G. STRONG.

MARX AND MR. STRACHEY

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—In his review in your June issue of my biography of Karl Marx, Mr. Strachey quotes my tribute to the far-sightedness of Marx's prophecies, and proposes to use this as a "test" of the correctness of his economic theories.

Did or did not [he asks] the Labour Theory of Value and the concepts based on it . . . enable Marx to predict the future course of the system? Who can possibly deny that they did? Mr. Carr does not deny it.

Of course I deny it—and for the most cogent of reasons. The most vital of Marx's predictions—the development of the class-struggle and of the political self-consciousness of the proletariat, the periodicity of economic crises, the disease of over-production, the decay of capitalism, the successive phases of *bourgeois* and proletarian revolution—had all been made by 1848, and nothing essential was added to them after 1850. It was not until 1857 that Marx began, as he told Engels, to "work out the fundamental principles of economics", which he presented to the world ten years later

in the first volume of *Capital*. In other words, Marx, like most human beings, first made up his mind and then looked round for arguments to prove that he was right; and, as often happens, the conclusions, reached by a process of intuition, came nearer the truth than the artificial arguments by which he afterwards sought to justify them. In such cases the correctness of the conclusions can afford no presumption of the correctness of the arguments.

All of which shows that, as I ventured to say in my preface, the study of Marx's biography is important—particularly for Marxists. It would at any rate save them from the "howler" of supposing that Marx's predictions of the collapse of capitalism and the triumph of the proletariat were deduced from his theories of surplus-value and constant and variable capital.

I am, etc.,
E. H. CARR.

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

June 6th, 1934.